





The Countess of Wilton
C^o to

The Authors Kind loves

—

Perth. Feb. 9. 1752

—

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL

DURING

THE SUMMER OF 1851.

LONDON :
GEORGE WOODFALL AND SON,
ANGEL COURT, SKINNER STREET.

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PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE SPRUDEL.

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL

DURING

THE SUMMER OF 1851.

Robert Grosvenor

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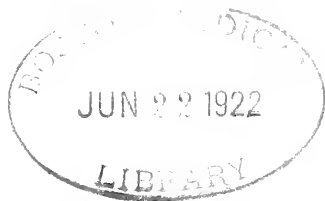
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THE FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE DEDICATED,

WITHOUT PERMISSION,

TO

HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

BY

THEIR MOST OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

January, 1852.

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ERRATA.

Page 20, line 8, *for* or, *read* and.

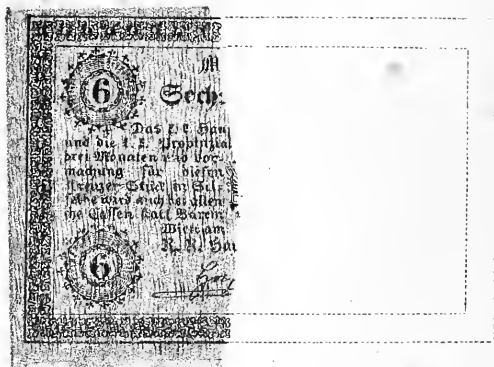
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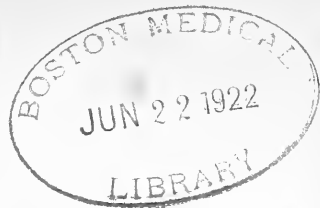
„ 63, fifth from the bottom, *for* and more, *read* more than.

„ 80, line 7, *for* of l'Anglaise, *read* à l'Anglaise.

„ 106, line 14, *for* Temple, *read* Teple.

„ 163, line 3, *for* There is—regal, *read* There is a regal.





LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL

DURING THE SUMMER OF 1851.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE.

WORN with fatigues of the Session and the cares of life, and annoyed that, owing to dilatory painters and workmen, I could not recruit my shattered forces as usual, by enjoying my own flowers and trees, when such things are most enjoyable, a thought came into my mind, on Monday, the 14th of July. Some twelve years ago, a visit to Carlsbad and Franzensbrunn renovated me for a while;—why not take advantage of this forced absence from my own paradise, and try the effect again? That which was on Monday only an idea, on Thursday had assumed a certain definite aspect;—on Friday it was a serious consideration,—on Saturday a passion, and I desired my servant would get me a passport. Then, in the midst of a great

variety of business, came the trouble of thinking about the preparatory incidents of a foreign tour. Unquestionably they are nothing now to what they were some time ago ; still, when one thinks of locomotion in England and on the Continent, the difference is considerable. First, there is the passport,—We, Henry John, &c.,—then there is the *visa*,—then there are the clothes,—then the books,—and lastly comes the question, What servant shall be taken ?

At this period of the year I generally get into a state of aversion to anything like extra trouble that amounts to a loathing ; and if anything is to be done I like to do it at once, to avoid the bore of thinking about it. So I said internally, I can, in all probability, take care of myself ; I have not quite forgotten my German, though it is somewhat rusty, and though I never travelled before without a servant, I altogether decline having to take care of a native now ; and, as to beating the preserves in the not-inappropriate neighbourhood of Mr. Wyld's great globe, to provide myself with anything that may turn up in forty-eight hours, that is not to be thought of.

Perhaps I shall go,—perhaps I shan't. My own servant must be prescient as to the clothes I shall want, I will lay my hands upon such books as come under them ; but disturb my mind with disquieting thoughts I will not—health can only be had with a quiet mind. How can I perform the journey with

the least trouble? Let me see. Packets to Hamburgh, thence by railway, &c., to Carlsbad in two days—any other way, half a dozen different conveyances, examination of baggage, stoppings at night, transference of baggage, &c., &c. The former for me. Packet sails on Tuesday evening, name “Caledonia.” General Steam Navigation Company, sounds rather tedious, to be sure—but at this time of year, certain to be fine, and even that Company must have put on a little speed in these fast days. Besides, Hamburgh is almost the only considerable town in Europe I have never seen, and it is rising from its ashes, and with it Scott’s Cathedral Church. All these considerations flitted through my mind, and so I decided that if I could any how arrange the business I then had in hand, I would quietly slip away on the 22nd. Sunday came and went. I always try forcibly to exclude the business of this life from my thoughts on that day, and from long habit I was not without success, even under these trying circumstances. On Monday I was obliged to go into the country upon business, and was very nearly having my departure postponed, perhaps *sine die*, for a very little would have cooled me down again,—partly because I am of a vacillating disposition when I have only myself to please; and in this instance I was really anxious not to lose time.

I have the bump of locality so strongly, that once having

visited a place, I feel to know its bearings, and almost intuitively find my way on my return to it again, if within any reasonable time. On the day in question I arrived at a certain junction on the North-western Railway, took the offshooting train, was later than I had hoped, and did not get back to the junction till the last train to London, the Express, was due; it was after nine, and dark, and no one was about except the station-master and a passenger or two, waiting, as I supposed, like myself, to go to London, upon the platform, where we had descended. We had not been there five minutes before a train arrived upon the opposite rails; the station-master crossed with his lanthorn, a passenger and a stoker remaining on the same side as myself. I continued walking up and down a few minutes, partly wondering why the train did not proceed at once, and partly ruminating in my own mind what the train could be, having a pretty accurate knowledge of the train-times on this railway; I was about to communicate my ideas to the solitary passenger, but he turned on his heel just as I approached him, whistling an air, and apparently not affecting conversation. Fortunately, at that moment a black stoker emerged from under the wheels of the siding-train, and, upon my saying, "That's the down mail-train, I suppose," he replied, "No; it's the up-express." So certain was I that I could not have mistaken the points of the compass, that I was just

going to dispute his information, when I saw my error,—the bell sounded, three bounds took me across the rails, though I am rather past the bounding age, and another hop and step got me into an empty carriage, to meditate upon the danger of being too wise in one's own conceit; I found afterwards that I should infallibly have been left to pass the night as best I could at a small station, had there not been something amiss with the station pump, which caused the delay I have described.

Tuesday dawned a charming day. On a fine day the idea of locomotion is always agreeable; I felt I was off, *favente numine*, and at four o'clock, letters being answered, and excuses sent to future engagements, I proceeded to the office, to make inquiry what packet was to sail, and if a place was to be had. I accordingly learned that the "Caledonia" was to sail at half-past eight from St. Katherine's Docks, and a berth was at my disposal, and, to my query about arriving in Hamburg, was informed that I should certainly be there on Friday morning. This gave me a twinge, knowing the dilatory habits of the General Steam Navigation Company, and their old tubs, when there is no opposition. I had, moreover, fully reckoned upon being at my journey's end on Thursday night, otherwise I should have taken the railway route. Accordingly, I made an exclamation, which induced the clerk, who was

replacing the pen behind his ear, after inscribing the amount of my deposit-money upon my credentials, to re-assure me, that, *in all probability*, it would be the evening of the second day. The weather being serene, and the nights short, I silenced all misgivings, and built again upon an unstable foundation.

Just as I was about to take a tender leave, and tear myself from the bosom of my family, my glance fell upon the barometer, and I thought it had fallen; but, my mind at that moment being bent upon keeping everything disagreeable out of itself, I resolutely turned my eyes away from it, for fear of seeing that such was really the case. On my way, however, to the Docks, some awkward-looking clouds began to sail about; and when, about eight o'clock, I got alongside my floating inn, there was no question as to the fact, that a north-easterly wind was blowing,—how fresh, it was not possible then to ascertain; but it made one feel chilly, and it repented me, for the *first time*, that I had taken the step. This unpleasant feeling was deepened when I came to reconnoitre the vessel itself. She was painted entirely black, and had an antiquated, rusty, and coffin-like appearance. She sat heavily upon the water. Had she belonged to any other Company than that which has earned so commendable a reputation for the care which it bestows upon the sea-worthiness of its vessels, I should have felt an inclination even stronger than that which

seized me at that moment, to jump into the boat after my servant, who was departing; and, as the last link between myself and home, I felt quite sentimental towards one of the most unsentimental-looking of human beings, whilst following him with my eyes, as he vanished in the waterman's wherry under the stern of some enormous vessel lying nearer the shore.

So here I am setting out on an excursion, fleeing care, and searching after better health, in the most melancholy mood. The sky black,—the steamer the same,—the crew ditto,—my fellow voyagers not much otherwise—a great noise and confusion, taking in the last portion of a cargo of odoriferous skins from a lighter—and passengers jostling each other in the vain hopes of seeing into what part of the hold their luggage was vanishing. I heard nothing but German spoken; so much so, that at first I was persuaded that I was the only English passenger on board. Need I add, that the great majority were engaged in the two national occupations—smoking and the other thing; all which offended my aristocratic nerves extremely, and I bemoaned my rashness in having so precipitately adopted this mode of conveyance. I fancied myself impelled by fate,—everything looked sinister,—I felt sure a tempest would arise (the weather had latterly been strangely changeable and stormy), and then I thought of the announcement in the newspapers: “Missing steamer.—Stern of a boat picked up

somewhere near Heligoland,—think they can decipher ‘Caledonia,’ of London.” My only comfort was, that I had not forgotten a certain india-rubber life-preserver, which I bought a few years ago for another voyage, which is warranted to float its wearer over the seas for an indefinite length of time, provided he don’t forget where it is when the crisis arrives, or to blow it out before he puts it on, and carries with him a sufficient stock of provisions for the occasion.

After looking about upon the poop in a vague way, with something of the feelings I imagine to belong to a condemned criminal, hoping that some less dismal ideas would succeed, I sat down on a dirty bench, and fell into a reverie. Presently the mail-bags were put on board, at a quarter to nine we got under weigh, and our steamer floated forward on the top of the ebbing tide through that apparently hopeless labyrinth of craft which continually overshadow this mighty highway of commerce. Hard a-starboard—hard a-port—at short intervals in the increasing darkness, indicated the obstacles to our free egress to the ocean. I had a few minutes’ conversation with the only creature—I may say the only object—I had yet seen on board that had not a repulsive aspect, a delicate-looking English girl, who spoke with a slightly foreign accent, and who, having been sent for medical advice to England, was now returning with her mother to Hamburgh. She had made the

passage, she said, more than once, and gave me a lively picture of its uncertainties.

About ten o'clock, I took a glance at the cabin called saloon, on the main deck under the poop. There was laid out the usual British seagoing fare—a very dry-looking, crumbling roast fowl, a fierce ham, and a lump of very fiery-looking meat with black edges, which at first sight puzzled me, though I can boast of some experience in these mysteries; I afterwards discovered it was not so bad as it looked, being a piece of Ham-burgh smoked beef,—not a bad thing in the evil hour. But I had a *presaga mali*. Though not unfrequently a sufferer to some extent from nausea at sea, I am by no means addicted, in ordinary times, to sea-sickness, and in the roughest weather have been able to hold my own; but this time I came on board with nerves predisposed to insubordination, and the fumes of mud and bilge-water that continually infest, for they don't rise, but hover over the docks and river, did for me, what the nurses say an early contradiction will do for a cross child—set me all at wrong for the day.

In this mood, I made a desperate dive down to what is denominated the gentlemen's sleeping cabin, to see what the chances were of my being able to attempt berth, No. 44. No one could say that it was not cold on deck, for we were steaming against a north-east wind, yet in the saloon it was warm,

and below hot and close; for, except what chose to pass down the staircase, no air could reach it; the little three-inch side-lights could only be open in harbour, where the water is still, being little above the water-line. A half-lit lamp gave a peculiarly dungeon-like appearance to this den: at first I could distinguish nothing; when I got a little more accustomed to the twilight, I perceived I was about to tumble over a form sitting close to a berth, and a flicker of a candle for a moment illumined the handsome, but faded, features of a foreigner, who looked ill, and was evidently preparing to go to bed, to prevent matters becoming worse. One is accustomed to see sickly faces on board packets; but there was a deep melancholy in the expression of this man's face, and a strange outlandish look that returned to my thoughts more than once during the voyage, and was explained before we parted; but I never before felt so uncomfortably the truth of the proverb—if I may make use of it in horse-marine-ish way—"Post equitem sedit atra cura."

With the assistance of the steward, who now *did* light two swinging lamps (afterwards I devoutly wished they had remained, like our beards on the voyage, for ever untrimmed), I found berth 44, an upper shelf in this family vault, into which, with misgivings of every description, almost all of which proved in the sequel to be well-founded, I scrambled.

More figures soon descended to wander about the shades below, and find their retreats in different states of dishabille; but I don't think anybody uttered to anybody, and at times a sort of half dream came over me that I was on board some vessel carrying out the dead of the great metropolis to the cemetery at Erith. What is the mental relation between asleep and awake? Why is it that noise should at times act as a soporific to hold one's senses fast? So it is, however; the engine and paddle-wheels made no little piece of work in the boat, and in the water, and yet I was asleep, and should, perhaps, have been so longer, if we had not brought up at Gravesend for some purpose or other, which woke me. I indulged in a speculation. What could it be for? My disagreeable imagination immediately suggested a flaw in the piston, or a crack in the boiler, that would either compel our return, or be patched up for explosion in a gale of wind in the North Sea. Again sleep came to my assistance, but it was only a dull sensation of prolonged discomfort; and when I again came to my senses, it was to find that we were rolling about on the ocean with a head-wind and some sea. Smells of a most indescribable nature arise at all times in all steam-packets, from all parts; but I can with truth aver, that in all my experience, so thick, vaporous, and tangible an odour—so sickening as that which—I won't say circulated, but—heavily

pervaded the gentleman's sleeping cabin—I did not until now conceive capable of evolution. I am convinced Liebig could neither have composed nor analyzed it, and nothing but Satan's alembic, the steam-packet laboratory, could have compounded it.

Ladies and gentlemen—not you who sit at home at ease, but you who have braved the sleeping apartments in these conveyances—figure to yourselves, when your stomachs are sufficiently strong to endure the phantom, in addition to the usual emanations from bilge-water, fusty moreen, and ill-ventilated, unwashed humanity—the fumes of two expiring lamps. The barbarous steward, who, by the by, took care to sleep in the saloon, had trimmed the two lights with very thick cottons, and with just enough of rancid oil to allow light for the operation of getting into bed, so, after a while, the fuel being expended, they went out one after the other, leaving their large wicks to smoke till they could smoke no more; and this was by no means a short affair, for, after I was awake, at each swing of the lamp the foetid air reanimated the dying embers, which became glaring red, and sent forth a fresh puff of odorous incense to thicken the plot. There was nothing left but to escape for one's life, and only deeply regretting that I had undressed so much, I made a desperate effort, regained my vestments, and rushed up stairs to—as I hoped—inhalé the breeze, and save myself from the crisis now evidently

approaching; in this, however, I was disappointed; it was six o'clock and quite light, but the heaven was overcast—it was pouring with rain.

The steward, with whom I now began politely to scrape acquaintance, certain I should shortly be entirely in his power, informed me the sailors thought it would be dirty weather.

Yesterday at this time I was in a clean bed, a perfectly well-ventilated room, not otherwise than well, only mastered by the notion that I must go somewhere else in order to make myself better; now I appeared to be commencing a stormy voyage of indefinite duration, and who could be the better for that? I soon learned, by a few judicious questions (which fate seemed to force from my lips), that the “Caledonia” was the oldest vessel in the service—had insufficient power to deal with contrary winds—and afterwards I overheard the captain, who I think was a bit of a wag, informing a gentleman, who made an inquiry, in a somewhat maudlin tone, as to the probable length of the voyage, that it might take a week. I have bad luck in public conveyances generally: the boat that goes on my day is sure to be the slowest, craziest, and least cleanly; and if there *is* a kicking horse, it is sure to find its way into my conveyance. I have twice been dismissed from Hansoms by the too active heels of the quadruped, which, I believe, is a rare occurrence, considering they have generally

enough exercise without this peculiar one ;—to be sure it was before the Great Exhibition had made such an accident impossible. I cannot imagine what could have driven me to ask for the information I obtained about the ship, because my good genius warned me that it was preferable to remain as long as might be in blissful ignorance ; however, having acquired it, I betook myself to a little mental arithmetic after the following fashion : if the good ship the “Caledonia,” against a head-wind, goes five knots in one hour, how long will she be going 500 ? After several trials, in some of which I made it out to be a year, I gave up the hopeless attempt, my head getting hot and giddy, my extremities cold. My gradually-waning attempts at exertion to hold out against the enemy were terminated by the arrival of breakfast,—not that I saw the table or the people, for I was on a sofa in another corner of the cabin,—but the side or service table was close to me, and my eyes would obstinately fix themselves upon the awful compounds that stopped there on their way to the other table ; also upon the hands of the steward, waiter, and cabin-boy, and the various uses to which they put the napkins, which, as a badge of office, they held in their hands.

For cases like mine the only thing to do is, to force oneself to eat, especially breakfast ; and it is singular that

on former occasions, when I have done so, I actually got a sort of unnatural appetite for the horrors in the shape of fried ham and eggs, very fat pork, and red herrings—things which are set before one on these occasions—some of which I could not eat on shore, under any circumstances whatever at that hour, and presented as I have already described, not at all. This time, however, when I embarked, I was hardly fit to encounter difficulties—had little appetite, and the night in the cabin reduced my forces to below zero. Two or three times I made an internal effort to cross the cabin to breakfast, but it did not reach that part of my sensorium in which the will is situated. I made one galvanic attempt to rouse myself, and went out into the rain, but it was the last, and ineffectual. I paid tribute to the ocean, and returned to sink upon my horse-hair couch, staring upon vacancy.

Day wore on: there were periods when the rain desisted, and I went out; a yellow unwashed *Deutscher* asked me politely, in German, if I was unwell. I confessed the fact, felt painfully conscious of the appearance I must at that time have presented, and angry with him for reminding me of myself. This emotion was increased by his apologizing for the intrusion, and begging to know my honoured name, as he was sure he had had the pleasure of meeting me somewhere. What my reply conveyed to his ears

I don't quite know, but certainly the sound that came forth did not seem at all familiar to myself; at all events it appeared new to him, as without further remark he continued his cigar and promenade. Fortunately for me, in a lucid interval, I bethought me of the doctrine of *Similia similibus curantur*. I had got a box of globules, but it was in my portmanteau somewhere in the hold, and the idea of taking any trouble was revolting. It struck me, however, I could get a glass of hot water, which, as it makes people sick who are well, may cure them when they are ill, and I have heard of its having been successfully applied. So I demanded the potion, and I heard the captain say, "Why that ere gemman must want to make bad wus;" when it was brought, it was so unlike ordinary hot water—so highly flavoured and tinged—that the first gulp proved captain knew at least what was likely to be the effect of his own hot water, and I retreated to the cabin in hopeless misery. Shortly, however, something, I don't know what, brought back a momentary courage, and I implored Mr. Steward to try a dive after my portmanteau. He was an off-hand, active, good-humoured fellow, with a cynical touch about him, and he acquiesced, without reply, in my wishes; dived down and fished up the article in question, uncorded, unbuckled, and opened it without half the things falling out—a decided talent. The little green box came forth, and I swallowed 2/6 ipec., which

I repeated at intervals. It did not cure me entirely, but I can hardly describe the relief it gave me, and had I only compelled myself to eat, I probably should have suffered no more.

The wind rather increased towards evening, and closed in with rain and lightning in all directions. About midnight, or soon after, it began to rain in good earnest, and came down in torrents, more or less, for several hours; this however changed the wind, and the following morning, when I went on deck very miserable, I had the consolation of seeing all sail set, a south-west wind, the old tub going ten and a-half instead of five, and the Captain saying we might perhaps be in Hamburgh early on Friday morning if things so continued. I must here do the old ship justice to say, that she had at least the merit—not unfrequently accompanying slow craft—of being extremely easy against a head sea: she hardly gave us one of those bumps that wring the souls of the seasick. The other wretches and myself—for there were others similarly situated—began to look a little less woe-begone; the weather cleared by degrees, and as our prospects brightened, I was able, though in fear and trembling, to swallow something, and after that the evil ceased.

The low coast of North Holland was unusually visible, and land in sight is always a comfort to exhausted bodies uncon-

scious of a lee shore. We could see the Church of Norderney, an island at the mouth of the Weser, resorted to for sea-bathing, and at five, that valuable British colony, the island of Heligoland, was in sight, formed of very different stuff from its namesake on the opposite coast, the Holy Isle, which is proof against the fiercest storms. This, however, though it makes a considerable figure, being some 250 feet above the level of the sea, and most useful to mariners, is composed of a red sandstone, so soft, and diminishes so unmistakably year by year, that before very long it will be amongst the things that have been. At present there is sufficient accommodation upon it to render it a favourite watering-place of the Hamburgers, and to entitle it to a British resident.

The little islands in this part of the world are inhabited by a sort of amphibious population, as the showman declares "What can't live on the land, and dies in the waters;" expert fishermen, sailors, and dyke-makers, and endued beyond measure with those two invaluable qualities which, when united, are, it is said, capable of accomplishing all things—patience and perseverance.

The sight of Heligoland made me begin to surmise that the ill-favoured vessel with its sick freight would, perhaps, after all, reach land at some time or other, without a catastrophe; and accordingly the lank and yellow visages set about composing

themselves an alteration, which permitted a renewed circulation of venous blood. I began to ask questions seriously of the Captain, quite different from those vacant mechanical interrogatories which are put to the steward and stewardess by helpless prostrate forms, as to where the ship is, and when she will get in; he said he thought we might possibly arrive very early in the morning, but if the present tide did not float us over the bar some ten miles from Hamburgh, we should have to wait six or seven hours for the return thereof. The shores on each side of the mouth of the Elbe are extremely low, often covered with fog, and therefore difficult to make. There is a light ship, and also a stationary pilot's ship near it. The navigation is very intricate, on account of shoals; so much so, that the Captain said, though he had known it for years, he thought that if the buoys were removed, no hostile fleet could get up the river in safety. We got our pilot from the ship—a very timid old boy indeed, for, notwithstanding it was anything but dark, he begged we might anchor at once; this our skipper refused to do until we got beyond Cuxhaven, when, finding that all possibility of passing the bar before the next tide was at an end, he brought us up till good light in the morning. Before five o'clock we were again under weigh, with a second pilot, a tall, bold-looking, North Sea mariner. A coldish drizzle early did not feel consolatory in July; however, by

degrees the weather improved, and it was fine and warm by eleven o'clock, when we dropped our anchor at Hamburgh.

This morning, as is usual on such occasions, all being smooth, the owls and bats came out of their hiding-places, and one is frequently at a loss to make out where the numbers have been stowed away, that then make their appearance in various fantastic guises. The fact is, sea-sickness is a disorder which at once annihilates brotherly love, sympathy, or compassion; no one ever looks at any one during the horrors but the steward or stewardess; their faces become quite familiar, and it is surprising how long one recollects them, after everything else belonging to the voyage has faded away.

There are generally some two or three women out of the mass who have kindly paid a little attention to personal appearance, the more meritorious when one thinks of the resources of the ladies' cabin, for which the other passengers are, or ought to feel, grateful, as the sight is highly refreshing. The male portion usually present an appearance which, were it not for the joyful expectation of a speedy and happy release, would certainly bring back the *désagréments* of the middle passage. Some few times in one's life one meets with a man or woman—but the latter more frequently—whose natural tidiness and *fraîcheur* are proof even to this the sorest trial in life for such qualities; whose gown still appears unruffled, hair

still smooth, and complexion still blooming, and whom, to look upon at such moments, is worth a king's ransom. This was not one of those occasions; but the little fragile invalid whom I mentioned before, had some pretension to an unobtrusive place on the fair side of the picture I have just drawn, and accordingly I was attracted towards her, and we commenced the usual sort of talk. She very willingly told me her story. Her father, who from her description has one of those restless dispositions which ought to belong only to seagoing men, had, it appeared, quitted England some time ago, and after trying various parts of the Continent—and he could not yet speak a word of any language save the vernacular—at last settled, as they supposed, in Hamburgh. After five years, however, that not suiting, he made a purchase of property in one of the new American back States adjoining Wisconsin and Iowa; and to this place the family were actually going to sail, not a week after the date of this conversation, by one of our old American liners, “The Chickesaw Skwampash,” or some such name, which we saw in the river on our arrival. She said she believed there was a town somewhere within fifty miles of this property, where they might pass the first winter whilst their wooden house was building, which she deemed to be a comfort. Women, I think, not unfrequently, do make up their minds to such things in a surprising manner; and certainly a delicate girl of eighteen or

twenty, speaking French and German,—an invalid, accustomed to European luxuries, had something to lose by such an exchange—in short, anything looking less like a backwoodsman I never saw, yet her whole tone was one of perfect composure. She described to me with great clearness the route they were to take on their arrival at New York, and the various conveyances, steamer, railroad, lake boat, and waggon, which were to be the means of transporting themselves and their effects to the American Arcadia. It is to be hoped this will, at least, have the effect of occupying the surplus of paternal energy for the rest of his life, and prevent further wanderings.

As we approached Hamburgh we were obliged to slacken our speed very much on account of the bar, some ten or twelve miles distant from the city, which some time ago was an effectual barrier to the passage of large vessels, but at length the good bourgeois bethought themselves of dredging, and now, when the tide is in, ships of considerable tonnage can go up to the town, which is as nearly as possible the same distance from the mouth of the Elbe, as London is from that of the Thames. The rain ceased before we reached the shoal, and the river assumed a business-like appearance; craft of various colours, shapes, and dimensions, plying in every direction; and steamers from the different towns and villages upon the banks carrying

their living freights to the great mart of North Germany. On the right the distant Hartz mountains, so famous in legendary lore, give a little variety to the outline as you look over the great flat alluvial expanse which separates them from the sea. On the left the gently-swelling lands of Holstein, and which rise somewhat precipitously, though to no great height, from the river, give endless agreeable sites, which the worthy people of Hamburgh have not been slow to improve. Many a terrace and villa adorn these south-turned slopes, and the sun now shining upon them gave them quite an Italian appearance.

The rapid change from a cold, drizzling, sickness-bringing, dirt-engendering, tottering sea-voyage, to the composed deck of a vessel smoothly gliding upon the broad expanse of a magnificent river, fringed with bright abodes and hanging gardens, all sparkling in the sun, are worth the experience, though the introduction to the Elysian Fields is somewhat rude :—

“ Vestibulum ante ipsum primisque in faucibus orci ;
Luctus et utricis habitant cubilia curæ.”

And thus somehow an Englishman, however patriotic and serious he may be—and long may such be his character—is compelled for the moment to surrender himself to the delicious sensations of having got fairly out of the reach of the penny post, the exigencies of aspiring tide-waiters and letter-carriers,

and other cares of this life. Such were the sensations that I owned, I have no doubt, upon this occasion. The dangers were passed, the ugly old ship had made her way safe across the stormy main, the rain was gone, the sun was out, the trim Dutch costumes enlivened the great boats loaded with the finest vegetables and fruit, which were at all points crossing the river, and unloading at Blanckensee, Altona, and Hamburg.

The passengers were soon employed in collecting together their baggage, and stowing it away as nearly as possible to the place where they supposed the exit would be.

It was now nearly eleven o'clock, the voyage had endured sixty-two hours, and one must admit, that bidding adieu to the packet was at the moment a most pleasurable thought; at the same time one should have imagined that the excitement would not have been at such a pitch, as not to have allowed the passengers to go down the side ladder quietly one at a time with their effects. Such, however, was no more the case now than upon other similar occasions; the most imminent risks of immersion were courted for the sake of attempting to get to shore half a minute sooner, the whole result being general delay and confusion—Herr Umkravt's baggage having got by mistake into Fraulein Bumpstein's barge, &c., &c. I felt the same desire to collect my packages, and rush

out of the steamer, as did the others, but my friend, the Steward with the yellow hair, told me there was no use being in a hurry, so I forced myself to be quiet, and in feigned calmness awaited the operations of my companions. When, however, I did at length proceed to the cabin to perform my duties, I nearly started back at the apparition which presented itself.

I have already mentioned, that on going down below, the first night, when I became sensible that there were others besides myself in the sleeping cabin, I perceived a man who appeared already somewhat sick, and about to go to bed; I had a sort of vague impression that this individual had not appeared at the general jubilee this morning, but probably should not have given him another thought, had I not entered the cabin as I am now relating. I there saw before me a man whose black curling moustachios and swarthy complexion betrayed the influence of a tropical clime, and gave him the air of one of the conquerors of Mexico. He was stretched upon a couch, sustaining himself with difficulty in a semi-recumbent position; he seemed to be at the point of death, and his haggard, though very handsome features, had apparently settled themselves into a calm and certain anticipation of what was to come. In answer to my question, the Steward informed me that he had been to California, was very ill, and was come to Hamburgh. (This latter fact was in-

disputable.) He could not understand his language, but believed somebody was coming on board to fetch him. I felt a strange desire to know something more of this singular looking being; but how was I to get information? certainly not by an attack on the dying man himself—where else? That was followed by an idea that I ought to offer some assistance; then came an announcement that the boats were alongside (for large vessels cannot get to the quay)—then the luggage was moved out with magnetic attraction, and then somehow, with the fading features of my poor fellow passenger strongly impressed upon me, I found myself—unconscious how I arrived there—seated in a boat with my effects by the side of another man.

The Portuguese, they say, are so far before the rest of mankind that they have a way of doing things peculiarly their own, different from all other nations, and of course the best. Most watermen row with their faces towards their passengers, but the men of the Tagus honour them by presenting their backs to their fares. It seems that this custom has been humbly borrowed by those of the Elbe; for, upon looking up from the reverie into which the last scene of the ship had plunged me, a singular appearance presented itself. All I could perceive was a brown opaque disk, which, upon more mature examination, I ascertained to be the upper portion of an enormous

and remarkably well-filled pair of —, the owner of them, the boatman, being so completely bent forwards, that no other portion of his sturdy person was visible to the sitters. We glided swiftly, and as it appeared almost by magic, under stems and sterns, and over hawsers, through a maze of small craft, so close, that a collision seemed constantly imminent, yet always avoided, and, in much less time than is required to narrate the circumstances, we were at the landing-place; then our waterman stood up and displayed a development of the Dutch order, which for strength could hardly be surpassed; and for address in conducting his nice boat with a pair of sculls through an intricate passage, he must be at the head of his profession. It certainly might occur to one, that a waterman with his back turned to his passengers has a better chance of arriving safely at his destination, than our friends on the Thames, who row one way and look the other. This man must, I think, be a great man, for he was actually contented with his fare, which was so much per passenger and so much per packet, altogether amounting to an insignificant sum. I jumped on shore, my packages were all there, and I told the porter to put them into one of the many open caleches which were on the quay waiting to be hired. I hesitated a moment where I should order him to drive, whether to the new Hôtel de l'Europe, which some of my German fellow passengers had re-

commended, or to Streit's Hotel, which is very well spoken of in an edition of Murray's Hand Book, published before the former was erected. I felt that I was alone, and though I could, with a little fresh practice, find enough German words for the wants of a traveller, yet Streit being half English turned the scale, and to Streit's accordingly I bade my conductor drive. The fiacres here, which are remarkably good and plentiful, have the same name as the Russian carriages, and are called Droskies; how they came by the name I don't know, for it is not a German word, but it prevails very extensively in North Germany—even, I think, as far as Leipsig. We trotted away, and, soon leaving the quays and the shipping, plunged into the oldest and most picturesque part of the town, where I was not sorry to be protected from the sun by the towering and fancifully-decorated gables which lined the narrow streets. Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, and Amsterdam, were in turns brought to my recollection as I passed by antique gateways and balustraded canals. After a while I came to wider streets, handsomer doubtless, and more commodious, but infinitely less attractive; and eventually, after driving perhaps a mile and a half, I emerged upon the Jungferstiege, a great square of water surrounded by stone quays and stately edifices, about four times the size of Lincoln's Inn Fields. A portion of one corner, near the Exchange, has not yet been completed since the fire, but

is in the process of construction, and when that is done, and the trees which line the walks which encompass this magnificent reservoir become a little larger, it will be as splendid an appendage to a town as can possibly be conceived. The situation is charming as an urban residence, because the north-east side of the square is not built upon at all, and the nature of the ground beyond makes it little likely that any town can grow up in that direction, so that a good ventilation is secured ; in fact, there is a great extent of garden and pleasure ground already made in that direction on the sides of a kind of lake, caused by the damming up of the Alster ; this operation, effected by floodgates, is extremely valuable, not only for the beauty of this unique square, but also for various sanitary purposes.

But, to return to the Jungferstieg itself. I was rapidly peregrinating towards Streit's, and there alighted. Having just read in the Hand Book what was the usual fare, I tendered it to the driver, but, to my surprise and indignation, he rejected it altogether, and insisted upon having double. I was about to break ground in German, by declaring that nothing should induce me to submit to so intolerable an imposition, when the hotel porter, dressed in a superb uniform, seeing what was going on, stepped up and politely informed me, that the remuneration I had offered was for a single-horse drosky, and

that I had inadvertently treated myself to a pair of horses ; so owing to him I lost the opportunity of exercising my argumentative powers in German, my temper was spared, and I proceeded to an apartment, the only one out of a prodigious number they had unoccupied.

I soon received the delightful intelligence that a bath was close at hand,—and let him who knows not that luxury after a couple of days and nights on board a passenger steamer, immediately take his place for the purpose of experiencing it ; the return to convalescence after severe illness is hardly a greater, though a somewhat more enduring, luxury ; both, however, have, in one respect, the same effect upon the spirits, and I returned to my chamber unquestionably a cleaner and a happier, even if not a better, man, for every evil and malicious thought passed out of my mind ; I forgave both the drosky driver and myself, and was generally inclined to take a roseate view of Hamburgh and its inhabitants.

CHAPTER II.

H A M B U R G H.

THE necessary letters having been duly written and despatched, I was able somewhat more at leisure to survey the singular trisided square in which I was lodged. I have said the buildings were in keeping with the place, so they struck me as I looked around; but accustomed as I am to see large spaces in German towns occupied by hotels, I was hardly prepared to see them in such force, and upon such a scale as they here presented themselves; they surpass even Covent Garden Market, in their relative proportion to other houses, and nearly as much in point of scale as this great square does that little convenient and interesting mart. At first sight every house appeared to be an hotel, and one of the newest, the Hôtel de l'Europe, has (I presume there is no window duty, *but* if there is) just one hundred taxable windows to this front; what may be the dimensions of the Astor, and other hotels in America I never heard, nor do I remember to have seen any representation of

those far-famed places of reception; but I imagine this to be the largest hotel in Europe, and I am told that its recommendations are by no means confined to a magnificent exterior. On the same side, but some way beyond it, are some imposing-looking private houses, with charming gardens coming down to the promenade, betraying every symptom of wealth and luxury.

In driving about the suburbs of London, which grow visibly as one passes, and become almost metamorphosed from year to year, one keeps intuitively asking oneself, if not exclaiming to one's companion, who can occupy all these houses? and yet the sight of a bill is rare. On this occasion, I repeated to myself an inquiry I have often before made, forced upon me especially at this moment, when I had difficulty in procuring a lodging in one house, and had reason to believe that the others were equally full, what is it in Germany that makes such prodigious hotel accommodation necessary? I asked, whether any event caused an unusual influx of visitors at this particular moment? but received the usual answer, no, but that the place was almost always filled, especially in summer. I am therefore unable to give myself a satisfactory reply. It is true that a great many Germans of a particular class never dine at home, partly because it saves a servant, and partly because the table d'hôte, like our clubs in London, by means of combination, affords every gastronomic

luxury at a moderate cost*. That will explain the dimensions of the Speise Saal, with its never-failing gallery for the orchestra; but the occupants of the bed-rooms are yet to be accounted for: all I can say from my own observation is, that, besides travellers for pleasure, there are generally many officers, but what particular class—learned, literary, or money-making—it is that predominates, or why it is so locomotive, I am not at present in condition to inform myself, any more than I am who the imaginary beings are that flow into the new houses in our suburbs as soon as they are constructed, or whether they were houseless before, living, as my friend Shaftesbury would conclude, under a dry arch.

Having philosophized a little, and indulged myself with a plan of the town, I hired a laquais-de-place, and this time a *one-horse drosky*, and bid him drive slowly about in the fine

* In a domestic point of view the German institution has this advantage over the English—that the whole family, husband, wife, and children, may together partake of the luxury, whereas in England, I have heard it said, that the gentleman fares sumptuously every day, while the lady and the rest of the family are left to do the best they can, with the maid-of-all-work, in their two-windowed house or their lodging, as the case may be. There is something quite refreshing in the quiet and simple air of a German officer and his wife, and, perhaps, a half-grown up son or daughter passing into the Speise Saal to take their places at the table, neither flaunting nor vulgar, nor overdrest nor nervously staring about to see what the rest of the guests may think of their general appearance, a feeling which we English can hardly ever rid ourselves of, and then not sitting down with a noise which is meant to indicate the self-possession that is absent.

warm afternoon amongst the most agreeable portions of the town. First, however, I desired him to gratify my curiosity by showing me the great church, which I thought had been already finished by Scott,—formerly Scott and Moffat,—to whom England is so much indebted for improvements and economy in church architecture. I found it not far off, excellently situated in the centre of a place, but not above thirty feet out of the ground, and proceeding very slowly indeed for want of funds. Some thirty men might have been at work upon it; the town can afford no more just now, having been obliged to contract an enormous debt in consequence of the fire. The returns will eventually be considerable, when all the buildings are completed and occupied; but who that is cognizant of the transactions relating to the improvements in London, does not know, that the process of reimbursement is but slow, except in rare instances? The building should have been entirely of stone, but I presume the difficulty of procuring it at a reasonable price in the neighbourhood of Hamburgh has led to its being of a fine white brick, with stone quoins; the interior is all of stone. It is not easy to have an accurate idea, from present appearances, what the effect of the whole will be when accomplished, but the columns inside, which were nearly all up, struck me as light and graceful, and I could not help viewing, with some satisfaction and interest, the work of

a fellow-countryman, who had won the employment in preference to a vast number of foreign rivals, himself the only English competitor*. Whether this church, or the Cathedral of Cologne, will first be finished, remains to be seen.

Having duly satisfied myself as to the state and prospects of this edifice, I turned to my guide, who begged me to walk with him a short way to see something worth seeing, and I soon found he had very correct ideas upon this subject. This sight was not the Exchange, but its population. The building itself is one of moderate antiquity and respectable appearance, larger in its internal area, much more commodious, and somewhat lighter than our more splendid *Tite-an* structure in the City. It was saved by a miracle from the conflagration, not being attacked, like ours, with a fit of spontaneous combustion; everything around it was destroyed, but I suppose it was saved by the Lares, or Penates, or Deus Loci of the city, for certainly it is The Temple of the town, where people offer their daily sacrifice.

One could very well have satisfied oneself without seeing this building;—not so the scene which presented itself. It was the witching hour of afternoon business; we soon got into one of the tributary streams which were pouring their human tide towards it, and in a moment were drifted into it, and up one of the

* A model of this church was in our Great Exhibition.

staircases leading to a gallery which goes all round the interior. Every moment seemed to add to the density of the crowd, and to the force of that deep and strange sound, ebbing and flowing, swelling and dying away, which arises from a crowd of men engaged in earnest conversation. I have often stopped in one of the crowded alleys of our City, and watched the faces and gait of the passers by. They are silent, thoughtful, rapid, intent, greeting none by the way, except sometimes with a very slight glance of recognition,—everything reminds you that you are in a place where the motto is, business first, and pleasure, *if at all*, afterwards; but I never met with anything there, which indicated the intensity of the Hamburg merchant's feelings as he approaches his well-beloved 'Change. The reason probably is, because he feels he has a great deal to do in a short time, for he is a man that has other things to do besides. He will not altogether be a slave to his counter—he will have his siesta in hot weather—smoke, formerly his canaster, now his Havannah—and drink his coffee, or eat his ice in his luxurious house, or his café on the Jungfersteig, as the case may be. Certainly upon the 25th of July, 1851, they set themselves to the work of bargaining in real earnest; so much so, that I felt quite as if every one I met inwardly exclaimed, “What on earth is that idle blockhead doing here?” and that if I remained much longer I should experience the fate of a luckless intruder into

the mysteries of Capel Court; so, I begged my guide to precede me, slunk away, and was not sorry to find myself outside the walls again, clear of this excited crowd.

The one-horse chaise then conveyed myself and ciceroni to the Boulevards which surround the town, and which are admirably laid out in garden, drive, and pleasure ground, of the utmost importance both to the comfort and health of the inhabitants. The fortifications having been considerable, and the mounds of earthworks very great, you find yourself not unfrequently upon elevated sites which afford most agreeable views in every direction; notably where the walks terminate at the north-western extremity of the town, and where, ending in a sort of bluff, they overhang the river. Thence you have a view of the town and shipping and country beyond, which, on a fine summer day, and seen for the first time, is enchanting. This spot has only one bad quality, namely, its proximity to a most villainous suburb, called *Hamburgher-Burg*, debatable ground, about half-a mile in width, and the same in depth, between the *Hamburgh* and *Danish* territories; through it the main road passes to *Altona*. It is the general resort and demoralizer of the unfortunate sailors, who, poor fellows, are peculiarly open to such temptations. It consists of penny theatres, itinerant shows, dancing houses, low taverns, and lodging-houses, and is inhabited as one may suppose it would be

under such circumstances. My guide insisted upon driving me through it, to which I gave a reluctant consent, for I have no vocation for such sights; and it certainly would have furnished one of the present race of French novelists with a supply of fuel not likely soon to be exhausted. The very air felt sulphurous and sickly; and it was my fate, for the second time in this great city, to rejoice in an escape from the sight I was seeing.

Whilst standing over the Elbe, on the eminence already described, my guide pointed out to me certain barracks and a tavern, where the recent scuffle had taken place between the Austrian soldiers quartered there (a strange locality to have been selected for such a purpose) and some of the people, which ended in their firing, and several persons were killed. It is represented to have been a wanton sacrifice of life, and to have been occasioned partly by the soldiers—who are Foreign—not understanding the language and ways of the people, and partly by the want of conduct, if not something worse, displayed by those in command.

I had heard on board the packet, from various individuals, of the unpopularity of the Austrians here, of whom they spoke in the bitterest terms, and this event, as may be supposed, has not tended to make matters better. I happened casually to inquire whether any of their magnificent military bands were likely to play where I could hear them? The answer was, “They

seldom play, except in private, for some Austrian officer; and if they do so in public, not a man will remain to hear them." I saw many officers about—they had not the air of men who think themselves in comfortable quarters,—indeed I was assured that the usual Hamburgh fairs could not safely be held, in consequence of the strength of this anti-Austrian sentiment. Upon further acquaintance, I found so much asperity existing between the Austrians and Prussians, that they seemed incapable of restraining it. The feeling of the Hamburghers was very much with the Holsteiners in their wars, and they gave them quietly as much assistance as they could. They have now no friendly feeling towards the Prussian Government for their vacillating policy in the Schleswig-Holstein question, only they persuade themselves it has been owing to the interference of Austria, being determined, apparently, to find the latter power wrong in everything.

It is said to be an Englishman's passion to mount an eminence whenever he arrives at a new place; if so, I plead guilty to the impeachment. An excellent opportunity of gratifying my desire was here afforded me, at small cost, by ascending the tower of St. Michael's Church. This tower is—I forget how many feet high—but I suspect, steeple included, it is the highest in Europe. The inside of the church is also worth seeing, for in one respect it is also a phenomenon; being the

largest pewed church known; the mass of thick oak timber in it is inconceivable; and it will, it is said, contain 3000 sitters. The pulpit is ingeniously placed, to give all who come a *chance* of hearing. I believe, in the Lutheran service, they care more for the sermon than the prayers, and more for the psalm-singing than either. Their canticles are selected in part from the Psalms, but also from the works of Schiller, and other of their favourite poets—not always with very strict reference to the orthodoxy of the sentiments they contain. The organ case is of prodigious size, and my guide assured me the instrument itself was also a wonder in its way.

Ascents to great heights are usually fatiguing,—not the least so church towers; and one usually has the additional inconvenience of twisting round a corkscrew-stair till one is giddy, tumbling over broken steps in the dark, and having one's hat forced suddenly in an irritating manner over one's eyes, till stopped by the *pons sacer* of the nose. Occasionally, also, one emerges from the obscurity to have one's nerves sorely tried by a precipitous view of some hundred feet below, with a fragile rail or low parapet as the only safeguard. St. Michael's Tower is an exception to the rule; you can ascend by the church galleries, and find an excellent staircase with a massive hand-rail. In the tower the flooring is so contrived, that you have not to look down more than some twenty or twenty-five feet at any

time. The tower is of a curious and very unusual construction. To the height of the church-roof, or thereabouts, it is built of stone, but upwards of wood covered outside with metal plates, which give it a sort of purple-brown colour. At a considerable altitude, the square part terminates in a balcony, and thence rises a spire, supported by four flying buttresses resting upon the angles of the tower. I am astonished that it has never suffered from lightning. The stupendous mass of wood, both in the tower and church, seems to be fearfully exposed to the conflagrations which it is made use of to prevent; for the fire-watch resides here, in a snug little apartment, above the world; and one of the two men so stationed makes his rounds every hour, sounding the bell gently if all is well.

My previous tower-mounting expeditions, as will have been perceived, not having been altogether without drawbacks, I found myself, on the present occasion, entering the lofty balcony in great good humour, which was further increased by a contrivance in the shape of a wooden flounce, extending outwards, carried all round the foot of the balcony, very much like the similar apparatus of a panorama, and which entirely took off the dizzy effect of a perpendicular view. The prospect is not very Alpine; but it is singularly extensive, and by no means devoid either of beauty or interest. In the first place,

I don't know how far others sympathize with me in the feeling, but when I see a great river like the Elbe, the highway of North German commerce, beneath my feet, rolling majestically onwards towards the ocean, bearing its industrial freights upon its bosom, and diffusing the blessings of a bounteous creation on all sides, I fall at once to musing upon the stories of the lands through which it passes: the rise of the House of Hohenzollern,—the strange and romantic vicissitudes of the waning Saxon dynasty,—the heroes of the great religious struggle,—the sack of Magdeburgh,—the theses of Wittenburgh,—Huss, Ziska, Schiller, Göthe, and Frederick—and the times that have been, and are, and may be—all swept through my mind, like the wild huntsman on the Hartz, on which I was partly gazing. I traced the silver flood wandering amongst the greenest pastures for many a mile,—the whole country teeming with ripening produce,—and, in the stillness of the day, and the isolation of the place, my mind was lifted up to the merciful and beneficent Contriver of this glorious scene, and I felt that here, too, the earth was returning

“The gifts by nature given
In softest incense back to Heaven.”

I was not only interested, but agreeably surprised, with the appearance of Holstein. I daresay I have read letters from the Times Commissioner about this province, which, had I

paid sufficient attention to them, would have given me a tolerably accurate idea of what I now saw ; but I fancy that, from a former visit to Copenhagen, I got a sort of notion that all the state of Denmark was alike, a sandy, dull, flat, monotonous country, without beauty, and without variety. Here, however, I was quickly undeceived ; for, although the features are not very striking, the surface is broken into swelling hills and deepening dales, —woods, water, and cultivation blended in harmonious sweetness, and looking as if it would furnish enough, in corn and cattle, to feed half the world. A severe agricultural twinge for a moment disturbed the complacent current of my thoughts, inspired by the appearance of so much productive power ; but so many favourable circumstances combined at that moment to give my thoughts an agreeable colour, that it passed away, and I don't know how much longer I might have remained in this dreamy state—

“ Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife ”—

had not the young gentleman who accompanied me, thinking probably he had done enough for the remuneration fixed by tariff for these excursions, called my attention to some building or tower which it was part of his duty to point out. I don't like showmen generally, and it is not my pleasure to have information forced upon me ; I like my ciceroni to re-

main silent till I choose to ask a question. However, I must do this lad the justice to say, that he was by no means the worst of his order, and answered my questions without adding long stories of his own. To be sure, when I desired to be shown the Altona and Keil Railway, he assured me it was invisible (a strong assertion, considering the height of the tower), till I showed him a train I had discovered in the act of leaving the terminus.

There are several islands opposite Hamburgh, in the Elbe; in consequence of which, the terminus of the direct railway to France and England by Hanover is at Waarburg, about three miles off; to get to which it is necessary to go by steam—a roundabout passage. They are, however, preparing to bring it across these obstacles, and place it on the bank immediately opposite the town, so that goods may be transferred, at once, to and from the ships.

It is extraordinary how little, almost no suburb, at first sight, this great commercial city, of a class peculiarly fertile in that species of adjunct, appears to possess. What there is stretches in an elongated line both up and down the river, but especially towards Altona,—and beyond that, again, towards Blancknese. The churches struck me as being enormously large, and but few in number in proportion to the houses. There is but one small Romanist place of worship.

I descended my tower, felt I had done my duty, and, what is not always the case, that I had derived substantial pleasure from the act at the same time. A light thunder-shower which passed over compelled me for a moment to convert my conveyance from open to close. I saw in the Great Exhibition some most elaborate contrivances for a similar combination; but if anybody wishes for a sample of an inexpensive and perfectly-efficient contrivance, let him eschew the Great Exhibition, and learn wisdom at the feet of a Hamburgh drosky-maker. I was so much pleased with the carriage, that I had almost determined to become proprietor in fee-simple of the vehicle which bore me; fortunately, however, I made no offer at the moment, the idea swiftly evaporated, and so we passed on through one of the most detestable and nefarious streets within and below the ramparts, it was ever my misfortune to traverse. It seemed like a continuation of Hamburgher Burgh upon a slightly-ascending scale; and the pavement was so bad that we could hardly go out of a foot's pace. I remonstrated—begged I might be driven away from this horrid den of dirt and vice; but it seemed like the fabulous long lane that had no turning, and, before I got fairly out of it, my delicate organs of digestion showed symptoms of a returning disorder. I endeavoured to extract an explanation from my laquais; but, somehow, his German and mine, when we quitted the ordinary routine,

did not fit, and I ended, somewhat uncertain whether he took me for some great moral reformer, come for the purpose of organizing a society for the suppression of vice, or whether he was tired of his jaunt, and wished to go the nearest way home.

At the inn I arrived somewhere about half-past six. I don't very much care what I have for my dinner, if it is only masticable and apparently clean, and I was not yet sufficiently recovered from the preceding two days' disturbance, even had I wished it, to enjoy the pleasures of the table. But those who desire such things should beware of dining late in Germany. The size of a German kitchen would quite astonish any one who has only known our British furnaces, with all their appendages. It is not very much bigger than a ship's galley, and it has to perform its daily task not only of furnishing dinners and suppers, but also breakfast, and any other supplies of coffee, tea, or chocolate, that may be wanted during the day—such an invention as a still-room being unknown. They make provisions for the diners from twelve to three, after which the servants dine, by which time the whole supply of viands, there being no such *pièces de résistance* as rounds of beef or legs of mutton, is fairly eaten up, and the fragments carried off in order to give space for the preparation of the final refectation. The supper lasts from eight to ten, and so entirely

have I known the provisions to be disposed of during the day, that, coming in late at night to an inn in a large town, I have been unable to get a bit of anything but a piece of uninviting bread, and some twice-boiled half-sour milk. Our habits differ widely in this, as in many other respects, from theirs. But though their cooking apparatus falls below what great lovers of order and cleanliness would desire, yet we have been custom-ridden to such a degree in England, that we are now compelled to have a different servant and a different space allotted for every meal provided. You can generally get an eatable soup, a bit of ragged bouilli, some good potatoes, rather highly buttered, and a pudding; but, if you dine as late as I did on this day, you will not fail to remark that, although ordered beforehand, what was prepared at three is better partaken of then, than four hours after. After a while I walked out. The evening was warm and pleasant, and the lights on the Jungfersteig sparkled like stars in the broad expanse of water. There are two very fashionable cafés on different sides of the square, which somewhat intrude upon the uniformity of the stone quay, because they are built out from it over the water on piles, or, I should perhaps say, wooden pillars. However, they add much to the brilliancy of the scene when the shades of evening advance, and furnish endless little tables and fountains of tea, coffee, chocolate, and liqueurs, with ices and cakes to all comers indiscriminately. There is generally an opera, but

there was no performance this evening. There are Casino de Venice, Taux-réunions, and such like, without end, for which this town has an enviable or unenviable notoriety. The music both for concert and ball excellent; my leanings were not in that direction,—I was tired,—and the train for Leipsig was appointed to start at seven the next morning, so I indulged myself with a stroll in the pleasure-ground beyond the Jungfersteig. I should have forgotten this fact, but for one circumstance. I had walked two or three hundred yards, had passed no gate, and was returning in an abstracted mood, when I was half brought back to consciousness by the interpellation of a discordant voice. As there were two or three people passing, and I was walking as I thought harmlessly in the middle of a broad path, it never occurred to me that I could be the subject of the objurgation. However, I had not made two more steps before the same thing was again repeated, and a sentry placed himself across my path. I was very much astonished, and somewhat alarmed, at so rough a reception the first day of my being alone in a foreign land. My interrogator, who was not the sentinel but an irritable little old man in a long coat, in answer to my request for an explanation, which he either did not or would not understand, pointed to a small building close by, which in the gloaming I had not perceived, and peremptorily ordered me to proceed thither. I was wondering what would come next, when the

window, in which there was a light, opened, and a man, who was sitting by it playing at cards, putting down his hand at Put, demanded a Schelling. All at once I recollected that, whilst reading the invaluable red-book during the morning, I had observed that a custom prevailed, when Hamburgh was a fortified town, of demanding a small toll from all persons who came into it after sunset—I suppose a sort of fee to the gatekeeper for his trouble, which augmented as the hours became later, the trouble being presumed to increase in the ratio of the sleepiness of the warden, and the chances of his being in bed. The book, however, did not tell me—what I now discovered to be the case—that the custom still continues, and the toll is levied at such imaginary boundaries as that I have described, namely, the middle of a gravel walk. Think of a free-born Englishman being compelled to pay a toll after sunset half-way up Constitution Hill! It turned out, therefore, that it was my having been guilty of attempting to pass the city gates without perceiving them, and of not paying the warden for the hardship of having to open them for me after sunset, which had caused all this piece of work. My fears being allayed, and this onerous tax of a Schelling, somewhat about the value of a penny, being duly discharged, I proceeded on my way, and reached the hotel without further molestation.



CHAPTER III.

THE RAILWAY.

THE following morning dawned brightly; I had breakfasted, and was in my one-horse drosky on my way to the station by a quarter to seven, conning my Hendschel's *Telegraph*, which is the German Bradshaw—only even more complicated and difficult for men of ordinary tabular development, and less correct. I had a vivid recollection of the sieges laid to the platforms of the various metropolitan termini during the six weeks which preceded my departure; the mountains of luggage which all the experience and expertness of the London and North-Western officials was scarcely able to contend with; the crowd and confusion of passengers, and the lateness of trains; and I chuckled to myself as I reflected upon the miseries of my friends at home, and the comparative comfort and tranquillity of the entrance I was about to effect into the terminus of the railway leading from Hamburg to Berlin, Dresden, &c. Shortly, however—owing to the great number of

return droskies and omnibuses I met when approaching the station—I began to entertain a suspicion that I might, perhaps, be reckoning without my host. This suspicion was speedily converted into a reality, upon my coming in view of my destination. Not the platform, but the external entrances were inaccessible, from the crowd of struggling would-be passengers. No porter, clad in striped velveteen, or any other uniform, appeared to take charge of the baggage; the hour of departure was rapidly approaching; and I felt as if my journey was, like the course of true love, never to run smooth. What was to be done? I thought to myself, this crowd never would be engaged in such a mortal struggle if the train did not start at the hour fixed, and a glance at the *Telegraph* showed me that it was the only one in the day that went my road. The fever seemed to be infectious, and for a moment I thought of grasping my baggage, and throwing myself in desperation into the swaying throng. However, I had sufficient presence of mind to restrain this movement, and I prevailed with some difficulty upon the drosky-driver to keep my effects on his carriage whilst I searched for an official. After a while I found one, and he undertook to get my ticket for me. I accompanied him, and with great exertions got near the bureau, when—judge my horror!—the man refused to take the thaler notes which I had got in exchange for English money in payment

of the fare. Now to stay another day at Hamburgh would not have been such a dreadful misfortune, but I had made up my mind that everything depended upon my getting on quick to Carlsbad; and, besides, there is that universal truth—which is ten times more true when the individual is of the fidgety order, and the place is a foreign country—

“Noja piu una miglia in diétro que dieci in avanti.”

My feelings of annoyance were indescribable; I vowed vengeance against the faithless money-changer. I bethought me if I had any other sort of money; and recollected I had a few sovereigns in a writing-box in my portmanteau. I thought it hardly possible I could get them out in time, yet still I might make the trial, and accordingly I rushed frantically out to find my drosky, amongst the eight or ten remaining there. Very strangely, and fortunately, as it afterwards turned out, although it had never stirred from the spot where I had left it, I was utterly unable to find it, and my despair was *au comble*. I again felt as if under the influence of an evil genius, but I returned to look for my friendly official, and told him what was the case, and asked him to go to the bureau to inquire if they would take the English money if I could produce it. Meanwhile the crowd had completely left the first and second class ticket bureau, and was confined to the third and luggage department, and when we got to the man of office, to my infi-

nite satisfaction, but not small surprise, he made not the least objection to take the money, which he had so peremptorily refused before, and the reason of which, except it was from irritation caused by the quantity of dirty hands that were thrusting themselves at him at once, I am yet ignorant. This operation being concluded, I sallied forth with my civil friend to look almost hopelessly again after my baggage, expecting every moment to hear the fatal signal; when it seemed as if it had vanished and returned again, for, as I have said, there it was, exactly on the spot where I had left it; and the official, being then I presume struck by my flurried manner, informed me of a fact which he might as well have mentioned previously—namely, that the turmoil was perfectly unnecessary, because the train would not start till all were accommodated.

I learned afterwards that the unusual number of persons congregated on this occasion was owing to a great many third-class excursioners, who were returning—on this the last day allowed by the bargain for so doing—to Berlin, and the struggle was caused by a desire to obtain certain seats in the train for that class of passengers, which are considered more agreeable.

My mind being now set at rest, after about a quarter of an hour of tenter-hooks—for it took nearly that length of time to go through what I have described—I felt as much elated as I had before been depressed, and I waited quietly, with all the

pride of conscious superiority, which, considering recent events, was singularly misplaced. I watched the intense jostling which was still going on between the proprietors of the various packages, each endeavouring to get before his neighbour, to the inevitable weighing-machine.

The strife was no joke, for I actually saw the rivalry in one case terminate by an appeal to arms; but the weapons, being the open hand, and not the double fist, did not leave any very serious traces. During my ten minutes' waiting, I could not help observing how singularly adroit and rapid the porters were in weighing, marking, making out the accounts, and stowing away the mass of trunks and boxes; and if they had only had porters, as we have, to take away the baggage as it arrives, nearly all this confusion might have been avoided. At length, after a lapse of about half an hour from the time of my advent, the necessary preliminaries having all been gone through, I found myself on a narrowish platform, by the side of a very long train, all the carriages filled, except the two or three first-class, which are never otherwise than sparingly occupied. The second-class ones are much better than our own, and are made use of by all but the fastidious. I inquired where I was to insert myself as going to Leipsig, and was civilly shown to a carriage, at the door of which were some people talking eagerly, and laughing with a good-looking young lady, who was the only occupant of it. I made my way as politely as I

could through the knot, and found myself in a compartment divided into six seats, which were, in fact, arm-chairs, with spring cushions, very handsomely fitted up with the finest cloth.

After taking this survey of my conveyance, I turned my attention to the group at the door, and was not long in discovering that it was a bridal party, though until the bell (not a trumpet here) had sounded, I could not exactly make out which was the happy man. However, upon that event taking place, my doubts upon that point were set at rest by the ingress of the fortunate youth; at the same time, another man, not of the party, took possession of the seat opposite to mine, and, having done so, scrutinized me somewhat more closely than was agreeable. We had but one engine, and I had some misgivings as to how we should get on, remembering to have been told that I should be very late at Leipsig, though my *Telegraph* said half-past eight. I was soon made aware that no engineering difficulties presented themselves, the country being as flat as any railway projector could desire, and we travelled a very fair pace towards our first halt. No sooner had we arrived there than it seemed as if the train had turned out all its first passengers, and new ones were taking their places, accompanied to the doors by all their relations and friends. What the meaning of it all was I am not

sure, but it happened at every halt, and the result was, a talking, confusion, and delay, perfectly astounding to English ideas. This confusion was heightened by the cries of the vendors of certain articles of refection which we are not accustomed at home to see carried about with the newspapers, and which require some description, as the nomenclature of one—and that the principal one—does not give a distinct idea of the breadth of its meaning. Ächtes Baierisches Bier—genuine Bavarian beer—although, probably, it was brewed not more than half a mile from the place where it is so announced—is phraseology which has no disguise; but the great feature amongst the offerings for sale is that which is contained in a basket covered with a napkin, and which goes by the name of Butterbrod. Now, butter is butter, and brod is bread, and, unquestionably, Butterbrod does, even here, mean bread and butter; but it also means a good deal more; because, besides a roll cut in half, and pretty well smeared with an oleaginous compound, upon the top of this is laid either caviar, cheese, sausage, Kipper Salmon, or cold meat, and by rejoining the dis severed sections of the roll, with more than one of these adjuncts, as is often done, you may indulge yourself in two courses at once—always provided your mouth is of sufficient dimensions, and your mastication powerful enough to make the first incision into the globular mass before you. This food—which is for the pur-

pose of staying the stomach until the longer halts allow of a protracted assault upon more substantial viands—is highly in vogue, and, with a full train like ours, the supply, in the earlier hours, was hardly equal to the demand.

I gathered from the conversation of my newly-married couple—which flowed on in a continuous stream—that they had been very recently united—had been to pay a visit to some relations at Hamburgh, who had accompanied them to the train, and were going home again to some place in North Prussia. They appeared to be in very comfortable circumstances, and though certainly they were rather demonstrative, the lady had yet an air of refinement about her which was captivating to me, and harmonized with the train of my ideas, which were roseate, my difficulties having been surmounted, and myself proceeding smoothly on my journey in a comfortable arm-chair, the weather fine, and the air balmy; so that I looked complacently on this young love, and thought of their pleasant dream of life. My other neighbour scrutinized them with all his might, which again made me feel indignant; but this time the feeling was virtuous, because I felt he had no right to be prying too nicely into the hallowed scene. Thus we went on to the second station, where the bridegroom got out, with an air of affectionate solicitude, as I supposed, to get a bouquet for the cynosure of his eyes;—but my pen almost refuses to narrate the sequel. In the twinkling

of an eye, with a joyous countenance, he returned to the girl of his heart, with a Butterbrod adorned with caviar and sausage. For a moment I felt convinced she would scornfully reject the proffered indignity; but, alas! the truth must be spoken—the pledge of affection was accepted with gratitude, inspected with the eager glance of desire, and the open mouth of appetite: I saw no more, but sunk down in my corner with averted eyes and a broken heart.

My scrutinizing friend began to rise in my estimation, for although he had been out on the other side for a similar purpose, and brought back some unequivocal traces of what he had been about, still he had never deceived me, and there was a singularity about him which attracted my attention; the next halt—a branch railway at Rostock—relieved me from the oppressive young couple, and I devoted myself exclusively to the study of my remaining companion, who turned out as much better than I expected, as the others had done the contrary. I was, as I have said, prejudiced against him, because he examined me with impertinent minuteness, and that prejudice was increased by certain twitchings of the mouth and nose, and other personal movements, indicating a high degree of nervous agitation. I hate fidgety people at all times, but especially when I wished—*post tot discrimina*—to be allowed the unmolested enjoyment of that sort of repose to which, with a body

and mind quite at ease, and passing rapidly through the air on a fine day, one is always inclined.

Existence was at this conjuncture a pleasure. I felt I had earned my holiday, and had all the inclination in the world to enjoy a pleasant day-dream. I have told how the first attempt to interweave the flowers of passing events into my illusive garland had been rudely shocked, and I now felt as if fate had resolved that I should be thwarted altogether in my innocent recreations. My companion got out at every station,—changed his seat several times,—pared his nails, and at length, to my infinite discontent, infected me with his own disquietude, by actually walking up and down the carriage whilst the train was on its way. I could endure it no longer, for my irritability began to give place to some alarm as to what might happen next; so I broke silence with some trivial question, and the reply gave me much relief, for it was as gentle and quiet as his demeanour was the reverse. After a little while I learned from him that he was an Hamburgh physician, losing his eyesight, condemned to go to Marienbad, where he knew no one, to drink the waters for six weeks, and not to attempt to read a word the whole time; he added, that this prospect was so painful to him, that he could hardly bear the idea. So the scrutinizing glance, and the fidget being satisfactorily accounted for, I fell to pity my friend, and made use of my own—not remarkably-useful—

optics, to read the names of the stations, and the indications of the hour on the roadside, which he had difficulty in discerning, even when the letters and figures were of some size. Another cause of annoyance to him was, that as long as the lady was there he felt a delicacy about smoking (a strange sensation for a German); and the prevention of this horrid practice, in those habituated to it at certain hours, is torment. So he craved my permission to smoke a little, with his head half out of the window. *Je suis bon enfant*, besides, I commiserated his situation, so I did not object, and he became comparatively happy. Thus travelling, we arrived at Wittenburg, somewhat more than an hour behind time, and here the crowd and confusion became excessive; for at this point the ways to Berlin and Leipsig part—there is a division of trains—an eating place, and an examination of baggage. I do not recollect showing my passport here, and I think I arrived at the Austrian frontier, about ten miles from Carlsbad, without being asked for it. One eating room served for all classes—about twenty round tables were set out—and how the Kellners in this Babel could possibly distinguish one man from another, and who ordered what, and what was to pay, passes my comprehension, for the viands were not set out, but ordered by each man according to his fancy. The variety was not very great, and the fare not very choice; but the German appetite,

once aroused, will not stick at a trifle, and they have a contempt for forks, and, I may almost add, of life, in the use they make of the knife, which would constantly prove fatal, were it not for the singular dexterity with which they wield that formidable weapon. How far they are capable of swallowing it without danger, I never could exactly fathom, but certain it is, that it somehow conveyed to their palates, in the course of a few minutes, such a quantity of meat, vegetables, and gravy, as would fairly rival a spoonbill; and I saw that the whole was ordered, served, and paid for, to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned. When the tumult and clangor of arms had a little subsided, and the Berlin train was dispatched, I made an attempt myself, and there was still something left.

How long we remained at this station I hardly recollect, but it must have been nearly two hours before—bag and baggage having been overhauled (they make a very slight search in a foreigner's luggage)—the train was ready to proceed to Magdeburgh. The mystery was shortly explained to me, of the journey from Hamburgh to Leipzig—no great distance—taking up thirteen hours and a half on paper, and fifteen and a half in reality! for, independent of the custom-house search, we had now, after going a mile, to unload the whole train, in order to pass the Elbe by means of a ferry, the rail-

way-bridge not being yet finished. I had an instructive lesson before starting as to the difference between precept and example. Having been walking about in various directions during this long halt, I did not approach the train to get in again until the bell was ringing for departure. There was only one first-class compartment—that in which I had travelled; and there I saw in it my former friend and two other gents. *All* three were sitting, not giving an occasional furtive puff of smoke as before, but emitting volumes of this fragrant incense in all directions. Having left school and college now some years, I cannot exactly recollect whether the ancients ever smoked—whether, after the *muræna*, and various other delicacies celebrated by their poets, and the *Cæcuba servatum centum clavibus*, these exquisites of old ever sat out in their porticoes in their Baian or Tusculan, villas and puffed a cloud; probably not, for, if they had, they would certainly have deified the root. Perhaps *Bacche Pater vexere tigres*—a free translation of which might run thus: “O Father Baccy, how the tigers do twist and torment you!”—had a hidden meaning. One thing is, however, obvious,—that the Chancellor of the Exchequer forbids such penates in England. But to return; my stomach having still some unpleasant marine recollections, this incense incensed me not a little, and I asked the superintendent in a stern voice, whether smoking was permitted in first-class car-

riages. He replied, at once, that it was not. And when I pointed to these shameless offenders against law and order, he, in the most deprecating tone, begged my patience till we crossed the Elbe, when he promised I should have a compartment to myself. He excused himself from interfering with the new-comers, because, I thought he was going to say, they were princes of the blood royal. Oh, dear no!—the chairman and vice-chairman of the railway company, who had signed the regulations against smoking in first-class carriages. *Leges sine moribus vanæ*, might, in truth, be said. So I had nothing left for it, but to submit with the best grace I could, not daring to enforce my right; but, being at Wittenburg, I could not help hoping that some Luther might hereafter arise, and wage successful war against the sale of such abominable indulgences. I don't quite know how I looked as I seated myself in the defiled vehicle; but, if I may judge from the looks of my platter-faced companions, which I occasionally perceived athwart the smoky atmosphere, my countenance must have betrayed my thoughts; and, if truth must be told, at that moment I was detesting the sinner, and more the sin.

The bridge over the Elbe, which is here divided by an island, is a very large and ingenious work. The smaller stream is spanned by arches of stone and brick; the larger, by a straight line of suspension, on the new principle—the higher line, or, so to

speak, the rail of the balusters above, sustaining the roadway below. I think the estimated cost was about 50,000*l*. The unpacking of a train on one bank of a river, thence transferring the contents to a boat,—which boat is towed by a steamer round an island to the other bank, where the process is renewed,—is an operation which is easily conceived, and not agreeable to people who are in a hurry, or who are apt to leave their things in carriages; but, so far as I was concerned, after our cold summer in England, I enjoyed the fine weather so much, that I was not impatient, and I almost forgave my tormenters, in the pleasure of having got rid of them, and exchanging their superfluous expirations for inspirations of fresh air. In crossing I was very much edified by watching a fleet of barges going up the Elbe, with their large and extremely picturesque sails, the management of which is extremely simple;—all they have to do, when they want to stop, is, to haul the peak of the long light hitcher up to the mast, and the sail disappears; loose the haulyards, and you are again in full sail. They are of a prodigious height, I presume to catch the wind above the banks, when they become higher than they are in this part of the world. They were nice, sturdy, well-painted, full-loaded, well-to-do looking barges; they harmonized, too, with the colour of my thoughts, and I remember them with pleasure. I saw no semi-barbarous male head arising out of the after-cabin, such as one

does sometimes see in another country: from the canal path, accompanied not unfrequently by a female physiognomy of the same stamp, and perhaps an amphibious urchin or two, with matted locks, looking wildly, if not surlily, out upon the intruder, as if they did not belong to the same species. I always feel uncomfortable on a towing-path at an undue hour.

The whole of our transshipment was effected with quite as much dispatch and success as could fairly be expected; and, after a while, we again started for Magdeburgh. Upon the way I had the privilege of enjoying my own society in a carriage which did not seem to have been made use of for pot-house purposes within the last twenty-four hours. As the day was declining, and we had still some distance to go, I looked at my watch, and then it became evident that the report I had heard in Hamburgh was more correct than the information in Hendschel's *Telegraph*, and that eleven or twelve o'clock at night was a more probable hour for our arrival in Leipsig than nine. The country through which the railway passes is exceedingly flat, diversified occasionally by slight sandy eminences covered with firs. It was closely, and in many places well cultivated, though the crops were not quite what we should call luxurious. They were in a great variety of stages of ripeness—upon the whole not so forward as the southern half of England. Some were in flower,—I noticed one with a yellow

flower, with which I am not acquainted; but the most striking agricultural feature, as one traverses the country, is the enormous size of the farm-buildings, compared with our own: they will not stack anything out of doors if they can help it, and their sheep and cattle cannot support the rigour of the winter unprotected. The roofs are almost universally of tile, and of a very high pent; the farms, generally speaking, not quite so large as ours.

On arriving at Magdeburgh, we did not exactly sack the town, but it was politely insinuated to us, that our rails had again come to an end, and that we must find our way to the opposite suburb, where the Cöthen and Leipsig station was to be found. Somehow or other a sort of panic, like that of the morning, again seized the passengers; we knew we were very late, and it was suggested that perhaps the train would be gone. So, never reflecting that the baggage must be transported and reshipped, which would give ample time, a contention arose for the possession of some half-dozen droskies that were at hand, and which threatened to be serious, as the supply was infinitely below the demand; however, after a considerable display of brotherly love and self-denial, the carriages being loaded as full as ingenuity could devise, the mass was transported in a feverish state to its destination. Those who did not get carriages, having had time to recover their

senses, found that Providence had done much better for them than they had attempted to do for themselves. At the terminus we found truly that the train we ought to have gone by had departed at its usual hour ; but there is always another ready to forward the passengers to Leipsig, should they arrive late at Magdeburgh ; so we had plenty of time to cool ourselves after our unnecessary fuss, before it was time to be reseated ; and, eventually, we reached Leipsig station at eleven o'clock.

CHAPTER IV.

LEIPSIG.

I DON'T know how they prevent the frauds here which are said to be practised on our railways, and, in consequence of which, especially on the Great Western, there is a continual cry of Stand and deliver; or if they have more honest travellers to deal with; but they leave you in unchallenged possession of your ticket. This I know, not alone from my own having remained uncalled for; but because, finding it accidentally in my pocket the following day, and being in the neighbourhood of the terminus, thinking the ticket-taker might suffer from his oversight, I presented it at the office, and the clerk declined its acceptance. I have an aversion to getting into a strange carriage in the dark,—and it was a dark silent night when we arrived; a drowsy man appeared, declaring that, if I would give him my baggage-ticket, he would take the effects to the Hotel de Bavière. I said to myself, the Germans are honest and methodical, I like a walk, and

even in the dark have such confidence in my organ of locality, that, though eleven years have elapsed since I last was here, I think I shall find my way. Accordingly off I set, and in a moment found myself outside the station, and unexpectedly quite alone; the greater part of the passengers had been set down at other places on the road, and the few that remained were more prudently busied in searching out their own effects. After a while I saw a man, who directed me which way to turn first, and I knew I should not be long in finding a gate; this I achieved, and entered the town. Here, however, I was fairly at a loss; the only living things seemed to be the cats. Germans are early in their habits; half-past eleven struck. Fortunately, just as I was hesitating where four ways met, two individuals came out of a house, and walked rapidly towards me. I inquired the way of one, who, perceiving that I was a belated foreigner, insisted upon accompanying me, which he did to the very door of the hotel; now, considering he had to go some distance, and entirely out of his way, this was very obliging; but it is not by any means the first occasion on which I have experienced similar kindness. I recommended him to come to London and see the Great Exhibition, promising that, if I met him under similar circumstances, I would do as much for him; but he relieved me from my obligation, by informing me that he had entertained the idea, but, having counted the cost,

he had resolved in the negative. I was very nearly offering to treat him to an excursion ticket; but my enthusiastic gratitude was beginning to ebb, and, on the whole, I also determined in the negative, confining myself, when he took his leave, to profuse expressions of gratitude suitable to the occasion. Left alone in the street, I was about to ring with an awakening pull, when, taking a glance at the outside of the house, it made an unpleasant impression upon me. I had fancied I recollected a very good hotel, and that some one, before I started, had told me that he had found it such the year before; so it suddenly occurred to me, that perhaps it was not the right place, after all, for its exterior had nothing to recommend it, having some four or five stories in close succession one above another, betokening low rooms and want of ventilation. So I strained my eyes for a while in vain, attempting to read the inscription, which I perceived in gilt letters at a certain height from the ground, but at last getting it edgeways into the rays of a corner lamp, I succeeded in deciphering "Hotel de Bavière." Don't you like to be received by a good-looking house after a long journey? I confess I have a weakness for external forms; and I have seen so many inns in my life, that I think I have some right to lay down the law on the subject. The eye, if only properly educated, will tell a great deal in a very short time; a good dish can be discerned at a glance, and many

other things of a less material description, though it is the former that I am treating of just now. I think, in this case, the unpleasant effect was increased by the gates of the *porte cochère* being shut, and hanging somewhat ruinously together. Standing hesitating before an inn-door in a foreign town, at twelve o'clock at night, is rather an odd position to be in, not to say that it has a suspicious look; so I set about finding a bell, and was made sensible of the necessity of doing this without further delay by hearing the distant sound of wheels, which suggested the propriety of not losing the opportunity, which my walk had afforded me, of showing my self-denial, by securing the best vacant apartment for myself before the others arrived. The first pull got no response; the second was more vigorous, as the sound of the advancing wheels became more distinct, and a voice from within proclaimed that some one was putting on something, and would comply with the summons immediately. The gates were then unbarred, and I entered in state, with greatcoat and stick, and half-a-dozen books. I informed the gate-opener of the probable arrival of my chattels, to assure him I was not entirely destitute of such appendages, and, also, that others were probably on their way. In return for my news, he informed me that he could receive me, and that the Kellner would forthwith show me my room. This functionary, accordingly, appeared, rubbing his eyes, evidently just out of

his first sleep, and proceeded to do his errand. The first floor gained, I made as though I would find my lodging here, but he continued ascending, unmindful of my hint,—the second floor was also passed in the same deliberate manner,—and I began to feel the third flight not only fatiguing, but affronting, and I remonstrated. “Honoured sir,” was the reply, “the house is almost full.” So, as I have before observed, all hotels in Germany are. At length one very small room opened its arms for me, *au troisième*, as Hobson’s choice, and my guide quitted me. I felt strongly disposed to murmur, but could not make out upon whom I could vent my spleen; besides, I had made a vow to be patient, and, after a gulp of the rising dissatisfaction, I kept it. It was shortly destined to a higher trial. The first success, however, as is generally the case, if I may be permitted a moral reflection, paved the way for a second. I knew the difficulty of obtaining anything to eat at such an hour; as, however, my wants were few, I reckoned upon their satisfaction, but without my host. The rattle of the carriage below gave a little animation to the deathlike stillness of the night; and I remained up stairs, with a single candle, in a disconsolate mood, speculating upon the chances of the whole of my baggage coming to hand. Meanwhile, as I like, wherever I am, to get a notion of the locale and disposition of the space in which I am to pass the night, I commenced an

examination of the *étage* on which I stood. First came a spacious landing, the walls of which were adorned by sundry old coloured prints, representations of staring princes, and fading field-marshal's highly decorated,—that led me to the staircase up which I had mounted to my present altitude. Sounds very expressive of depth of slumber and weight of supper, in various keys, proceeded through the large crevices of the ill-shutting doors, and confirmed the truth of the Kellner's report. At last my eye rested upon a curious little window, about six inches square, over a door which led into a space which, if it had not been inclosed, would have been the well of the staircase. What I thought it was, it is unnecessary that I should particularize,—but I had my opinion; suffice it to say, that I ventured to open the door, and there—hear it not, Ashley and Slaney! tell it not at the Board of Health!—there I beheld, in a space literally not five feet square, and with this little window, which was closed, its only means of ventilation, the Kellner of the landing, with his coat off, asleep on a truck-bed, upon which there was not room to stretch at full length. And so, by this said economy of space, got out of the staircase, here lodged, one above the other, the fortunate waiters of the establishment. My astonishment is, that one single night did not effectually do for them all. I don't know whether the Germans are long-lived, but I have often thought they must

have peculiar lungs, to exist in the sort of atmosphere they seem to delight in. The composite odours of the Speise Saal are inconceivable to those who have not experienced them; for, unless an Englishman comes in by accident, and, regardless of the deprecatory looks of the other guests, ruthlessly opens the window to enable him to breathe a little fresh air, I don't think this species of ventilation would be had recourse to from one year's end to the other, and smoke and dinner fumes would alternately obtain the mastery. To save my sleeper from asphyxia, and have my conscience clear, I not only opened his little staircase air-hole, but left his door half open. I then descended to know my fate, and there saw that my effects had safely come to hand, and that the only other comers were my friends, the blind doctor and the railway king. The former, poor man! was actually compelled to ascend still a fourth staircase, to find a *gîte*; and I was in great hopes that the roof would have been put in requisition to receive his grumpy-ness; but my kind wishes for his exaltation were disappointed,—he had written beforehand, and had an excellent room on the premier. Whilst the poor doctor was fumbling about up stairs, I sat down with his majesty at a table, upon which was placed one, not very considerable, cold chicken, the only remaining article of food which the larder could produce. After having eyed it in a sinister manner, he proceeded to put it upon his

plate, made a sort of grunting apology for his appetite, as, he said, he had eaten nothing since breakfast, and, in almost less time than it takes to describe, the whole had disappeared down his capacious throat. I won't say that some very few bones did not remain upon his plate, to testify to what had once been; but such dispatch I never witnessed in my life, and I stared with unfeigned astonishment. He was evidently a man of the short school—deeds and not words; for, after swallowing with equal facility half a loaf of bread and a pint of claret, he disappeared, giving orders to be called at five the following morning: it was then half-past twelve. The doctor got some bread and the never-failing compote; and there was set before me, according to my request, some bread, butter, milk, hot-water, sugar, and an egg. Stale bread in Germany is as bad a thing as fresh is good; milk is always boiled, and never lasts sweet through the day; hot-water boiled in a pipkin, with the remains of a greasy bouillon, is not agreeable when mixed with the aforesaid; butter is a very doubtful article hereabouts. Now, all these articles fulfilled my least sanguine anticipations; and, as to the egg, it was not even necessary to try it by the usual olfactory process, a light current of air setting in that direction having wafted towards me the particulars of its forward condition. My experienced eye had already detected the state of things. A momentary needle-like prick of

irritation shot across me, but I submitted to my hard fate, quietly got up, meekly took my candle, and, with an “auf wiedersehen” to the doctor, ascended to rest.

Sleep is not my forte, either on a journey or anywhere else, at the end of a Session ; and though up at five, and not in bed till near one, it was long before I sunk into oblivion. How long I remained so, I cannot tell ; but the first dawn of consciousness made me sensible that I was somewhere away from home, and that a solemn and most devotion-stirring hymn, in strains of celestial harmony, was stealing upon my ear. I was just sufficiently myself to be aware that I was not quite awake, and so fearful was I of breaking the charm which seemed to bind me, that I made an indescribable effort to remain suspended between sleeping and waking. I listened with intense delight to the beautiful cadences as they died away, and again swelled forth in richest volume, until at length they entirely ceased, and all was profoundly still. I was yet dozing, my soul bathed in ethereal colours, when, after a while, the strain again commenced. Was it in the house ?—was it in the street ?—was it thus that Sunday was ushered in where I was ? This time the dreamy state could no longer be retained ; I rubbed my eyes, saw the four walls of my little chamber, and became sensible that, though admirably subdued, the music was much nearer to me than I had imagined. The harmony was still low, plaintive, and suited to

the day; but, recollecting I was in Germany, I fancied I had heard something of the sort before, and a terrible suspicion crossed me, that my devotional feelings, so highly wrought by the first, might be rudely flung to the earth by the second part of the performance, the former being a prelude to something of a very different character. I was not kept long in suspense; the adagio was quickly followed by an andante of Labitzky's last, succeeded at intervals by pot-pourri, polka, and galop. The music proceeded, as it turned out, from a small, but admirable brass band, some twelve or fourteen performers, stationed upon the landing, giving what they called a serenade; strangely misnamed, for upon consulting my watch I was astonished to observe that it was not yet six o'clock. The object of this musical treat was a captain of artillery, whom I afterwards saw—a nice, smiling, good-humoured little fellow, about five feet high—so small, I think he must have been attached to the Howitzers, who was passing through with his family, and his old regiment being stationed here, took this very matutinal method of wishing him God speed.

Going to sleep again being out of the question, I got up, and to the first demand of an enlightened and sanitary Briton, I was informed, with an air of pride, that there were baths in the house. This was only partially true in one sense, and not at all in the other, as I soon discovered, for, on proceed-

ing to avail myself of this welcome announcement, I found I had to go down an open yard in my slippers; a shower had recently fallen, and wet slippers are not agreeable; arrived at the entrance, I found myself in the midst of a hazy atmosphere, caused by certain stout nymphs occupied in washing. I was about to apologize for my dishabille, when a closer inspection made me sensible that it was unnecessary, as we were at least upon a par in that respect, so I passed onwards, praying for patience, feeling a strong desire to abuse something or somebody for having trepanned me into this elaborate discomfort, under the guise of a luxury. Fortunately the seducer was not there. A rickety staircase brought me to the object of my search, but even here I was not destined to unalloyed bliss. I found a low room, with a very small amount of the modest furniture indispensable in such places, with two large copper tubs, lined with some white metal, not very bright, and destitute of linen, and which looked anything but of agreeable contact. I trode upon laths raised about two inches above the real floor, where the waste water ran, but with such wide interstices that it required great dexterity to prevent my already damp slippers from being entirely submerged and lost. I endeavoured to explain that I wished to have a bath, with the chill only just taken off; but unfortunately the man had poured a large portion of hot in, and there was no water pipe, or any means of

getting rid of it, except baling it out by hand. I faintly asked for some hot linen, and was answered that there was no means of heating it. So I cannot recommend to my friends, who happen to be travelling this way, the Bade-Anstalt of the Hotel de Bavière.

Altogether, the morning was not one in which I was destined to indulge my fancies. I presumed it not likely that there would be an English service, so I determined in my own mind that I would go to the German Church; accordingly, when I descended to breakfast, after a toilette of some length, rendered necessary by the bathing adventure, finding I was right in my surmise, I inquired when the Lutheran service began, and which church was recommended; I was informed that it was already too late, as eight o'clock was the hour of Divine Service on the Sunday morning in every church in Leipsig, and there was no second. So I could not join myself to where two or three were gathered together, though it was no willing forsaking, on my part, of the assembling altogether, as the manner of some, we are told, was formerly,—may be, is now. Left to my own resources, I took up Dr. Vaughan's last volume of sermons, which any one who desires to profit shall, I will venture to say, not read without being amply repaid for so doing. He seems to me to have gone deep and feelingly, and with a clear insight vouch-

safed, into the profoundest mysteries of our faith; and, withal, has the power of communicating his ideas in simple and comprehensible language.

The walk round the walls—or how shall I express it, for walls there are none?—but the walks upon the demolished fortifications of Leipsig, now a well-shaded pleasure ground of *l'Anglaise*, are amongst the most pleasing of these places of urban recreation (and there are many), with which I am acquainted in Germany. I recollected it well, and returned to it with unfeigned satisfaction, tempered, however, with the feeling of sincere regret, that we have nothing of the sort for our middling and poor folk in England. The value of such a thing, for such a town, is not to be calculated; and the workman, with such a healthful advantage, must, even in bad circumstances, find less temptation to repine at the lot of his more fortunate neighbour, with his park and pleasure-grounds. In some portion, besides, he is sure to find a little stall or *guinguette*, with a sunny or shady seat, as the case may be, offering some humble but grateful luxuries for his enjoyment. What would I not give to see my own country's children of toil so furnished! That I had not contented myself with wishing only for these things for them, suggested a complacent reflection; but when I saw the people of Leipsig in their holiday attire, who have only a step to go

to find themselves in this little Elysium, and then transported myself back in thought, *per mare per terras*, and saw the access to the Thames on both sides absolutely forbidden, and thought of the long walk that must in most instances be taken to gain even such bare recreation as our parks afford, the contrast was annoying. I cannot at this moment recollect whether, in many foreign towns, not formerly fortresses, the same attention has been paid to the wants and comfort of the people. Hamburgh, Frankfort, Vienna, Leipsig, and some others that I could name, owe these advantages to curtain and bastion overthrown, and fosse converted to other purposes, and embellished. This, the inhabitants of those places were for the most part not slow to accomplish after the last war, having tasted some of the sweets of a siege, more or less protracted, in which the interests and wishes of themselves—the real sufferers—were probably never for an instant even adverted to. Lyons and St. Etienne, if I recollect right, are not so well off; and Elberfeld and Barmen are, or at least ten years ago were, still interspersed with gardens. But when one thinks that there is not one town of any importance in England where anything approaching the “Anlage” of Leipsig exists, and that every day more and more of desirable suburban spots are becoming riveted in the stern bonds of brick and iron, it does strike one’s mind most forcibly, that of all classes of

European peoples, the English workman is the worst off in respect of attractive, or indeed of any space for recreation ; and, considering the air, loaded with soot and damp, not to mention other impurities, in which he works, no one stands in such extreme need of adventitious aid as himself. The aristocracy and the middle class have both sinned against him ; the one intent upon his gratifications, the other upon his gains, left their weaker brother to shift for himself, and so he went to the wall.

I have before said that I like finding my way about a place myself, even though I have a guide. Now, the *laquais de place* was not necessary for the walk I have been describing ; but he was so for the post-office, and I took one for that purpose, and also as a good *souffre douleur* upon whom to practise my German. This man communicated to me a singular circumstance illustrative of the eventful lives of the clergy one occasionally meets with doing duty *in partibus*. In answer to my inquiry, whether there was not sometimes an English service at Leipsig, he informed me that latterly there had not been any, though formerly an excellent Geistliche had inhabited the town, and for a length of time performed the sacred office in his own house, where also he had received some pupils. On the Sunday he was wont to employ my informant to gather together the outcasts of Israel, who might be found in the various

hostelries of the town, and who could be induced to accept such spiritual food as he had to offer for an optional remuneration. All went on smoothly for some time, but, he added, "at length either so few came, or remained on the first day of the week, that for that or for some other cause, he was obliged to give it up." He said this latter sentence in so hesitating a manner, that I suspected he was not telling me the truth, and a very little questioning elicited the following story as the real cause of the cessation of the Rev. Mr. ——'s duties at Leipsig. One day my guide was casting his net as usual, to catch as many fishes as he could, with which to make loaves for his employer, when, upon putting the usual question to a guest at the Hotel de Bavière, whether he desired to attend service, he was met by an inquiry as to the name of the individual who proposed to perform it. That interrogatory being satisfied, the stranger seemed to take an unusual interest in the person in question, and begged to have a description of his appearance, age, &c., and, finally, in an off-hand manner, inquired the way to the police station. My guide being a man of reflection, and having a sneaking kindness for his reverend friend, bethought him that there was something a little unusual in the proceedings of this traveller, and so betook himself to the lodgings which were at the moment being converted into a temporary tabernacle. There he informed the owner of what had

just passed, and gave the name of the mysterious stranger which he had culled from the *Livre d'Etrangers*. The parson smiled—a smile indicative of confidence in his own resources; he did not hurry himself; he knew that legal delays, proverbial everywhere, are not less real in Saxony than elsewhere. A slight indisposition prevented the usual morning service. The railway left at a quarter to three, and when the authorities arrived at five o'clock, like the baseless fabric of a vision, not even a wreck was left behind. A too great facility of expending other people's money without a sufficient attention to the law of restitution, was supposed to have been the cause of this singular and abrupt termination to the English service, and the transference of this gentleman's labours elsewhere. But, alas!—must it be confessed?—the ministerial representatives of our church, on the Continent, have not hitherto been very well calculated to make it shine in the eyes of those amongst whom they dwelt. Within my own knowledge one was in a similar predicament to the above, another was half mad, a third had eloped with two ladies, and a fourth had collected a subscription, and when the auditors appeared, there was nothing to audit. In another case two rivals claimed exclusive ministration in the same locality, had each a flourishing party, and mutually excommunicated each other and flocks; while the last in the catalogue set congregation and all authority,

native as well as foreign, at complete defiance ; and, for fear this should not be sufficiently known, issued numerous pamphlets upon the subject of his rights and wrongs. I deeply regret it ; I wish some remedy could be applied, though I have none to suggest, for the comfort of finding the Church service in one's own tongue, in foreign lands, is always great, but it is unspeakably so when one happens to be alone. The moral I draw from this state of affairs is, not to make too nice inquiries, when one finds a service, as to who or why, but simply to profit by the occasion, and hope for the best.

The specimen I had had of the supper, breakfast, and bath at the hotel, my nerves being still somewhat under marine influence, made me abstain from any further attempt upon the provisions of the hotel, which I quitted soon after three, on foot, and made my way to the Hof Railway station : certainly if great civility and cheapness could compensate for certain other deficiencies, to which I have more or less alluded, the Hotel de Bavière would stand very high. If I recollect right, the charge for lodging, such board as I had had, service, and conveyance of luggage in an excellent carriage, which would also have conveyed my person, had I wished it, both *from* one station and *to* the other, amounted to no more than 6*s.*, and I was bowed out of the house with as much ceremony and thanks, as if I had been travelling on the Dover Road with four horses, having passed

the night at Canterbury, and probably paid ten times that sum. A very nice buffet at the station supplied my moderate wants, and I was soon on my way to Zwickau, where railway transit in the direction of Carlsbad ceases.

CHAPTER V.

ZWICKAU, AND THE JOURNEY.

THE state of the weather kept me in some alarm; it was now the evening of the 27th, three or four thunder showers had fallen during the day, sunset was approaching, on the morrow was the full moon with a total eclipse, more than half our harvest was still to be gathered in, and I have from observation a strong persuasion that the weather immediately following a visible eclipse will be the pattern for a great length of time. When the train arrived at the Zwickau terminus, a very heavy cloud seemed to be approaching from the west, lurid not only with the flashes of fire which it bore in its own bosom, but with the tinges of the sun now verging toward the horizon.

The station is above the town, and distant some three-quarters of a mile; the view picturesque and pretty: spires, towers, high gables, and quaint-looking edifices abound;

it is partially surrounded by an old embattled wall, and it sits in the midst of orchards, and gardens, and verdant meadows, watered by pellucid streams. I inquired the name of the best hotel, and was informed it was the Grüne Tanne, a sign I had never heard of before, and was much puzzled to translate; but eventually I discovered that it was the Silver Fir—a designation highly suited to the place—situated as it is in the outskirts of the *Erzgebirge*, which abound in that species of tree. A wooden label, dangling from the box of a caleche, announced its belonging to the aforesaid inn, and after one glance at the heavens, and another at the intermediate space between station and town, which displayed a nice-looking devious path at the bottom of the hill, I decided, as I generally do, for the risk, when walking from the train to a new place is in question. Accordingly, I placed my effects in the hands of the kutcher, and recommended them to his special protection. Now this kutcher was the very impersonation of the old, slow, phlegmatic, inexorable Saxon postboy—a wight of few words—who took my baggage, counted the parcels, pointed with one thumb to the darkening skies, then with his head to the inside of his vehicle, and seeing I did not take the hint, shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, climbed leisurely into his seat, rolled the cigar back into the centre of his mouth, from the corner into which it had been pushed by the usual organ of speech,

cracked his whip, which neither had, nor was meant to have, the smallest effect upon his team, and departed. I descended the hill also, a little out of humour with Providence for making me fidgety about the storm, when I wished to enjoy a walk and a soothing view at my ease; I marked how the passengers going before me missed the path, which I felt sure, though it seemed to be roundabout, was the real pleasant way to the little town, and then fell to thinking onwards to my journey the next day. These thoughts took a rule of three shape, doubtless suggested by the sight of the individual I have just described, and I said to myself, "If the difference between the speed of an English and a Saxon railway is so much, what accumulation of Saxon postboys will make one English locomotive?" I tried to remember the distance between the earth and the sun, which was the largest number I could recollect, until the difference between a spoonful of mother tincture and a homœopathic globule occurred to me, and that, I have no doubt, would give the product required. A very large and ominous drop, which at this moment fell upon the back of my hand and broke into sparkling fractions, warned me that reveries were not always safe, and I commenced in good earnest seeking for some breach in the old dilapidated walls, where I could make my untriumphal entry. I made up my mind to do all in my power to disappoint the kutchy, who, I felt sure, would be

as much delighted as it was in his nature to be, if he could see me arrive perfectly drenched. In this, fate was kind, for the heavier part of the storm gave me sufficient respite to enable me to pass rapidly by the old church, through a few antiquated-looking streets, and arrive unharmed at the inn.

If the boy was phlegmatic, not so was mine hostess of the Silver Fir; she was of ample dimensions, of a tender disposition, and gave me a reception which would have dried a thousand showers; patted me on the back, anticipated all my wishes, presented me in form to the Ober Kellner, who was about to become her son-in-law, and in five minutes I felt as if I was one of the family. She loved the English, so of course she loved me; now all this is, in some countries, the preface to deliberate extortion; but such was not the case upon this occasion, for the charge was even less than at the Hotel de Bavière, and the board and lodging were as good as the other was indifferent; indeed, if I exclude the drawbacks which are inseparable from a German inn, the occasional odours of the kitchen and back-yard, from which my own apartment here was almost exempt, I have rarely been better accommodated. I was descending to the Speise Saal, when the stout lady inquired if I wished for a *Gelegenheit* to Carlsbad. Upon explanation, it seemed that this meant, Do you like to go shares in a carriage with some one else? She assured me there was a charming couple who had been

waiting a day for such a thing, and somewhat curious to know to whom she destined me, I requested her to allow me to take a physical view of the offer in question before I came to a decision. Thereupon she pointed out to me a crusty-looking old Beamter, with a faded beauty at his side, and was proceeding with her wonted dispatch furtively to show me their luggage, and how small it was, when, drawing myself up, I gave her to understand, in a stately and dignified tone, that it was my intention to engage the couper of His Imperial Royal Majesty's Eilwagen entirely to myself. It starts at nine, said I, on the arrival of the early train from Leipsig, and that will be my conveyance. She mildly informed that that might have been my conveyance ten days before, but could not be so now, seeing that to-day was the 27th, and that on the 15th both train and diligence had ceased to run. At first I was almost disposed to cast an unworthy suspicion on my most disinterested hostess, but I should have been quite wrong. This arrangement, which I had heard of, and which was made purposely for the accommodation of the kurgäste in Bohemia, absolutely terminated on the day mentioned, when the tide was flowing at its fullest, because in former times that was considered the period after which it would be inexpedient for water drinkers to commence their cure.

German ideas, truly, do not keep pace with our notions of progress. Which of the two countries derives the greatest

amount of general comfort and happiness from their different modes of carrying on life, is a matter of opinion, but not altogether quite clear to me. So, not being able to have my own way, and having eschewed the proffered *Gelegenheit*, I requested to be furnished with as light a carriage as could be found, with the proviso that it should be sufficiently roomy to admit of my effects not being placed in that odd-looking wicker-basket, which is an essential part of the German *Lohns wagen*, and which, as it is upon the hinder bed of the carriage, and not on springs, was probably invented for the good of trade, to destroy everything confided to its fatal embrace. The horses were to be of the best, and to bring me to my destination, eleven German, or some fifty miles English, very hilly, in eleven hours. The valley of the *Mölde* was to be ascended, and the ridge over-passed which separates it from that of the *Eger*. Twelve *thalers*, and one additional for *Trinkgeld*, was the price to be paid for this journey.

These important preliminaries being settled, I proceeded to my repast in the *Speise Saal*. The storm had spent itself, and the last rays of the setting sun exhibited a vivid rainbow—the most perplexing sign of future weather to the weather-wise; it has been celebrated in contradictory distiches, giving hopes and fears to all. I had just sat down, when a party of five—three women and two men—entered,

and took their reserved places with evident satisfaction. An elaborate supper was served, and shortly a large dish appeared, which produced the liveliest sensations of pleasure. It was filled with gigantic craw-fish, for which the neighbourhood is celebrated, and to partake of which this party had left Leipsig for their Sunday out-ing. They did justice to it; for the vocal sounds of approbation were immediately hushed, and gave place to an alternation of crackling and sucking, incident to such enjoyments, until nothing but empty shells, *disjectaque membra*, was left to tell the red tale of carnage that had taken place. I don't think this most anti-sanitary repast disagreed in the slightest degree with any of the party; for they sank into grim repose in the rooms on either side mine, without a sign, and, though I was pretty early, they were off again for Leipsig before me.

The long looked-for 28th dawned gray and fresh, after the heavy showers of the previous day; many clouds were about, but not either of a very dark or cumulous character; so that, when I stepped out of the arched gateway, my spirits rose at the prospect of a drive and walk over a highland country, in fine weather, with a raree-show towards the conclusion of it. This buoyant feeling was not, however, altogether unalloyed; having a misgiving that my acquaintance of yesterday would be the gentleman selected to have the honour of conducting the

Gnädige Graf; for to that dignity the order of a carriage for myself had promoted me.

I was here witness to a transaction which shows that there are more ways than one of calculating. On a table I perceived my hostess, fat, fair, and forty, busily employed in turning over and minutely examining a quantity of party-coloured wooden knobs, about the size of marbles half flattened. At first, I thought she was playing a new patience; but, upon inquiry, I discovered that it was the method of keeping accounts between the Ober Kellner and the landlady. These counters belong to the gentleman, and different colours represent different values. Everything that he receives from the storeroom, cellar, or kitchen, he pays for in this coin, and is obliged to produce the sums which these counters represent the following morning. If he chooses to give credit imprudently, wo betide him; the loss will inevitably fall upon him. The situation of the Ober Kellner throughout Germany is one of great trust; for it is, of course, obvious that, notwithstanding this apparent security to the landlord, a good intelligence between the cook who delivers, and the Ober Kellner who receives, would soon diminish the profits of the host and enrich the delinquents. The good ones are well known and eagerly sought after, have a regular status, and are treated with considerable respect by all parties. They are upon an intimate footing with all the fre-

quenter of the house, with whom they daily exchange all the gossip of the neighbourhood. They are of respectable families, and usually discharge their trust with great fidelity.

The clock struck six, and the carriage was declared to be ready. I was very sorry not to have time to make acquaintance with the old church, to which the memorials of Luther, and the appearance of the exterior, equally invited me; but a German sexton won't be disturbed at undue hours, and I had a long journey before me.

There is also here one of the three houses of correction which appertain to Saxony, and which, if it is as singular in its interior arrangements as it is in its exterior, must be worth a visit. It has the loftiest and steepest gable conceivable. I was informed that the dormitories were in the highest part of the roof, and, during the night, the communication between them and the rest of the building being cut off, by the removal of the ladder of access, all chance of escape is taken away. There is, besides, a quaint old house, an inn, called the Golden Anchor, with a projecting window at each extreme angle, from one of which it is certain that Luther preached to vast numbers of his countrymen; and it is said Melancthon took up his parable at the other, I presume when his more stentorian companion was tired, as the windows are almost too near for simultaneous action. In my own mind, however,

unfortunately, there is so close a connection between hotel windows and hustings, that I never see anything of this sort without that indescribable sensation which is only perfectly understood by electioneering candidates of moderate nerves and doubtful fluency.

As I have said before, the clock struck six, and the carriage was declared to be ready. I was accompanied to it by all the household, and then perceived that, sure enough, my presentiment was realized. There stood Josef, accoutred for the journey, looking, if possible, more the image of slowness and obstinacy than before. The sight had a deleterious effect upon my nerves, which was further increased by my infatuation in attempting to mend matters, by addressing him in a strain which was meant to be patronizing and jocular, and saying, as we drove out of the court-yard, "Nun Schwager, fahren wir geschwind nicht wahr?" Upon which he turned upon me with a "Wie," (the pleasantry having penetrated about as far into his hide, as Priam's spear did into the shield of Neoptolemus,) accompanied by a look of indignation and contempt, which seemed to me to convey, "How can you be such an idiot as make such a speech?" And forthwith, to demonstrate practically how much he appreciated my condescension, he commenced at a slow and deliberate walk, to give me the benefit of every inequality in the Zwickau pave-

ment, which is so very uneven that I fancied myself once again in Oxford Street or the Strand. I mentally tutored my rising indignation by repeating, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city;" and when it was, as in this instance, a case of what can't be cured must be endured, much force was given to the moral. We continued this brilliant pace until we reached the first toll-bar, a short distance from the town, where the "*Mauth*" being duly paid, the important operation of lighting the first cigar commenced. Alas! the old pipe, which hung so gracefully from the mouth of the Schwager in days of yore, is passing towards the things that were; the all-pervading cigar is usurping its place even here, and levelling all distinctions. The meerschaum-makers, however, are not altogether thrown out of employ; for they have inventions in the nature of mouthpieces of infinite variety in colour, length, and shape, and into which the cigar is inserted, and smoked at a greater or less distance from the mouth, according to the fancy of the individual; many of them are so contrived as to give the wearer a most comical appearance, the cigar rising at an acute angle from the tube towards the face, and the lighted end sending forth its curling smoke into the nose of the operator: that, however, may be, probably is, an additional recommendation. We say, "enough is as good as a feast;" that is not so

with a German. I doubt whether any quantity of smoking would be too much for him ; and a patented invention, which would enable the possessor to continue smoking whilst asleep through the night, would, I am convinced, make a man's fortune. What their stomachs can be composed of, it is not easy to conceive. I have spoken to many, who declared to me, that, as long as they could recollect anything, they had smoked, and some to a great extent, without suffering from it. My driver on this day, during the somewhat more than eleven hours that we were on the road, never discontinued for a moment ; and, if the villanous weeds which he consumed had been all put down in a line, they must have reached fully half the entire distance. These cigars are certainly not costly ; but as all he was to have for his day's work of fifty miles, or thereabouts, was a thaler, three shillings English, with no certainty of a back fare, for which he might have to wait a day or two, this habit must make a considerable inroad into the yearly revenue of such a man.

I was not a little amused, after ten years' absence, to see my old friend, the German toll-bar, in its zebra state, as unsophisticated as ever, with that ingenious and complicated invention, a stone or two taken off the road and placed in the wooden cavity at the short end of the bar, to ensure its proper elevation at the proper time, looking like a monster fishing-rod when up, and a neat leaping-bar when down. The number of accidents

that would have happened in our island before this time, from horses rushing through, before the leisurely, jerking, clicking ascent of the pole had been completed, and the danger always arising from the inequality of head-room after the evolution had been performed, are not to be told, or the number of indignant letters to the *Times* which would have ensued, and swept the intruder from our path ; but the censorship and the habits of a people accustomed to the swaddling-clothes of a bureaucratic government bid defiance alike to the inroads of time and the innovations of inventive genius ; and so, until the dark and one-coloured iron rail shall fairly have supplanted its rival, the toll-bar will remain a monument of the past : then, however, we shall cease to be aware from the usual indications, when we pass from the territories of one sovereign into those of another. Either on account of my preserving a dignified silence for some time, and abstaining from all observations as to the pace we were going, or from the genial influence of the narcotic, the crust of my conductor began, after awhile, to soften a little ; an amble succeeded to a walk, and then a trot over favourable ground ; then he became communicative upon the history of his mistress and her establishment, and the nature of the country through which we were passing, which is very pretty, and rich in coal, lead, cobalt, and other mineral productions, and is the locality where coke is made in great quantities for the north German

railroads. There are pretty valleys, picturesque chateaux, villages, churches, small towns, &c.; for the Erzgebirge have been famous in story, in legend, and in mineral enterprise from time immemorial. Indeed, one spot, celebrated of old for its silver, since almost entirely exhausted—Joachim's Thal—gave its name to the coin of the largest circulation in the world—the thaler or dollar. The roads had been well watered by the showers of the previous day, the air was fresh and delicious, all fragrant with the odours of the wild thyme and pine: as it swept gently over the higher portions of the range I was ascending, it was almost as unlike Dr. Reid's parliamentary infusion as the German postboy to the English locomotive. I felt like Alp on the shore of the isthmus, and my spirits rose as I mounted upwards; I enjoyed my existence thoroughly, like an ephemeride, for I had no desire to eat. I watched the fleecy clouds as they floated over the sun, and speculated upon my chances of a good eclipse, and, during the several halts for refreshment of self and horses, made by my conductor, I strode away over the hills by tangled copse and heathy upland, until at length the snail overtook me again returning to the road from some accidental digression. I found a party in the Speise Saal at Eibenstoch, taking a much more material view of the subject; they told me, in the intervals of discussing the inevitable Rindfleisch and Kartoffle, that they had just left Carlsbad,

—that, though there were still a great many people there, I should have no difficulty in finding a lodging, as the early comers were now departing; but they inveighed bitterly against the rapacity of the inhabitants, bid me beware, and recommended the Morgenstern—a second-rate hotel. What part of the country they belonged to I did not make out, but I was afterwards curious to know; because, except at Prague, I should not have thought it possible to live for less than one does at Carlsbad.

From Wildenthal the ascent to the summit of the pass is very gentle, and thence you descend the whole way to Carlsbad. The Austrian custom-house made no examination of my goods; the porters took a trunk down and put it up, and asked for a Trinkgeld for their trouble. The tongue of my Saxon driver began now to untie itself, and he became quite eloquent in jeering his Austrian Roman Catholic neighbours. He declared that the Government and the priests had ordered all the people to abstain from their usual avocations, and to pray that the world might not be destroyed on account of the eclipse; he also called my attention to what *he* said was a fact, that, since we had entered Bohemia, we had met neither carriages nor carts. When I ventured to observe that we had, not long before, met a diligence and a malle poste, he seemed confused for a moment, but at length satisfied himself with

the assurance, that they might have been permitted to set out very early in the morning, and would be out of the kingdom before the eclipse took place. That a fraud was attempted on the peasants, in a parish very near Carlsbad, by certain priests, I know from most unimpeachable testimony; but I am not aware that the Government had any share in the proceeding. They said it was revealed to them, that the Almighty had determined to destroy the world, and that, although the Blessed Virgin had interceded, her mediation had not then been accepted, because the people had countenanced liberal opinions, and had not been obedient to the Emperor,—that, on the 28th, a great sign would appear on the sun,—and that, unless they abstained from work and came to church, and promised to do better, the light of the sun would certainly be extinguished. This the peasants made known to a very energetic proprietor, in the parish, who employs many hands in various ways, as an excuse for their not appearing at work on the 28th. His indignation knew no bounds, and seizing his hat in one hand, and cap in another, he placed them both in the line of sight, and asked them if they could see both? Upon their replying in the negative, he added, “Suppose the moon should come between the earth and the sun, could you see both?” “No,” said they. “Well, my friends, that is all that will happen on Monday.” Accordingly, they returned quietly to

their work with him as usual; and, of course, as the necessary consequence of all such pious frauds, the blame was laid upon the religion, and not on the system: thus faith is shaken, and the very foundations of order and morality sapped. A curious circumstance, of somewhat similar description, happened about the same time not far from the same place. It appears that, amongst other means of raising a revenue, the Romish ecclesiastics were in the habit of ringing the parish bells when a thunder-storm was approaching, in order to avert the threatened danger; and a certain fee was taken from each parishioner for the advantage of this spiritual insurance. This custom, during the short visit of liberal ideas in 1848, was forbidden, and still remains so; however, this year it has reappeared, together with many other less harmless practices which at that period either disappeared or were suppressed: and, as the present year has been particularly fertile in electric accumulation, the bells were again put in request, and a demand for the usual fee was made. By some it was submitted to; but one man of some influence refused altogether to pay for that which he very truly averred was not legal. The demanders, however, thought themselves strong enough to succeed, and they therefore cited him to appear before the local magistrate, who decided against him; not, as he said, that the claim was strictly legal, but

because the priests must live somehow, and he thought this an unobjectionable method of procuring an income. The Protestant Saxons have, probably ever since the days of John the Steadfast, and Ferdinand the Regent, derided the Bohemians as a priest-ridden people—just as my driver did on the 28th of July, 1851. And the Bohemians, in their turn, have been taught, and believe with much sincerity, that the Saxons have no religion at all. My friend on the box had no small opinion of himself, and a corresponding estimate of his neighbours, which he was at no pains to conceal. How far he may be taken as an organ of the opinion of his class, I am unable accurately to decide; but he had somewhat the air of a pot-house oracle.

We stopped at Neudeek, a picturesque little old town, ten miles from Carlsbad, our last halt; and there, at three o'clock, I was supplied with some pieces of smoked glass. It was very fine and warm; and I had my luncheon set out on a table under the *porte cochère*, overgrown with vines, that I might see the first symptoms of the shadowy contact. I was very soon gratified, for though not entirely clear, it was not more overcast than to enable indifferent sight to have a more enduring view of this grand fulfilment of our Creator's decree, that "the great lights in the firmament of the heavens should be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for

years." And I could not help again thinking, that these (to the uninitiated) wonderful examples of the exactness of the astronomical calculations, evidently known to the earlier inhabitants of our globe, almost certainly to the Phœnicians and the Egyptians, then lost, now again found, and shining forth year by year more and more brightly, are indications, added to multitudes of others, which may be seen in the present state of the world, that the day of its existence is upon the wane, and the period of its duration approaching; six thousand years of turmoil and struggle, and then, maybe, one thousand years of rest. "Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do, but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God." "A thousand years are with the Lord but as a day." "There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God."

I set forth again when about half the sun's disc was obscured, and stopped every five minutes to watch the progress of the event, and the varying lights upon the landscape.

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."

The shadows were not quite so sombre as Gray's matchless poetry has painted them; but they seemed to have a very sobering effect upon the whole creation: men stood still and

watched; the landscape did fade, though it did not vanish; the animals evidently felt an unwonted magnetism, remaining in uneasy suspense, and a chilly feeling stole over the genial warmth of the afternoon. The ring round the edge of the moon seemed complete in about fifty minutes, and I thought the sun reappeared again in its entirety in a shorter time. I made Josef apply the glass to his eye assiduously, and he gave grunts of approbation from time to time; but I am not altogether convinced that he made out what it was: at all events, as his poor ignorant, benighted neighbours, the Bohemians, saw a mystery in it, he was quite determined to treat it as an everyday occurrence. I felt rather relieved when it was all quite over, and I found myself descending to the Eger, with the embouchure of the Temple Valley in view.

The fifty miles, with a pair of horses, were accomplished in about eleven hours, on a fine day without dust, and we trotted merrily into Carlsbad at half-past five, amongst a large population of sober walkers, all looking intent upon their several symptoms. I drove up to the door of the Schild, having made up my mind that I would lodge there if possible, as in 1840 it was the best house, and I guessed must have changed proprietors for the better since that epoch, the last time I had the pleasure of seeing it. In this, however, I was mistaken. It was quite full; but they gave me a room in another hotel, called

the Paradies, which belongs to the same people, though at some distance. Unwary strangers, who don't know this, sometimes fly for relief from one to the other, because they have an entirely separate staff; the husband being stationed at the latter, whilst the Frau is the acting director of the former, and predominant in both. I had on former occasions lived at The Prince of Prussia, which I did not like, and had had no experience of private lodgings, of which, however, I can now speak with perfect *connaissance de cause*, the behaviour of mine hosts of the above united concern having quickly put me to flight from their quarters. However, I accepted the proffered room at the Paradies for the night, found my old doctor, Dr. Meisner, bought a drinking cup, and took leave of my travelling companion Josef, whom I must not dismiss without saying that he turned out much better than I thought possible. He had his own uncouth ways, but he brought me as quickly as he well could—told me all the news he was able to think of—was perfectly satisfied with his thaler trinkgeld—three shillings for fifty miles is not a very extravagant reward—and when I added a few cigars, he was extremely grateful, so we shook hands, and wished each other a great deal of happiness.

CHAPTER VI.

C A R L S B A D.

I GOT up at five o'clock on Tuesday morning, and commenced drinking from my old fountain, the Theresien Brunn. There appeared to me to be an immense number of people, compared with my former recollections, and some changes in the personal appearance of two important springs had taken place. The Schloss Brunn had had an accident. In order to keep the Sprudel in full play, they are obliged to make borings periodically, in order to prevent the passage from beneath being choked up by the rapid formations of the incrustation known by the name of the Sprudelstein. This operation was performed, as usual, last year, when all of a sudden the Schloss Brunn disappeared. As this source is remarkably popular with the natives, who constantly resort to it, being the coolest water, having an agreeable taste and supposed efficacy in many minor ailments, great was their discomfiture when the intelligence was made known, and great their joy when, upon break-

ing into the rock a little deeper, the fountain of health was again discovered, with only a trifling loss of temperature, which, however, as it contained an increased amount of carbonic acid gas, had a still more acceptable flavour. But what surprised me most was, that both this source and the Mühl Brunn, which has always been extremely à-la-mode, and is now in the zenith of its popularity, were surrounded with barricades, open, indeed, at each end, but admitting of approach only by single file. Upon inquiring the reason of this unusual appearance, I was informed that the crowding round these wells of water had been so great at the commencement of this season, that it required the strength and gallantry of a Moses to enable the weaker sex to obtain a supply of the precious fluid; and broken cups and torn dresses attested the vehemence of the assault upon this pool of Bethesda. In vain they rose at half-past three in the morning: long before the magical eighth goblet could be quaffed, the siege had recommenced, and the most happily-inaugurated cures threatened to end only in aggravation of the malady;—a mind free from care being an indispensable requisite, whereas, owing to corroding anxieties about the events of the morrow, which these circumstances engendered, calmness and tranquillity had fled. Certainly here was a *dignus vindice nodus*; and happily a liberator appeared in the shape of Mr. Sepings, a gentleman connected with our Indian navy, who,

having observed the unnecessary confusion, suggested to, and obtained from, the authorities the remedy which I have described, and which at once appeased the storm and checked the growing evil. The scene, however, was droll enough when first I saw it: the double file extended some hundred feet beyond the wooden barriers; two policemen were stationed to see that no one cut in; one file passed on one side the source, and one on the other; four nymphs were incessantly employed in receiving the goblets and filling them, and administered, by my stop watch, upon the average, from .900 to 1000 goblets per hour, from half-past four to eight o'clock. As, however, a quarter of an hour only must elapse between each potation, when the strain was the greatest the drinkers formed an endless chain—those who had drunk being compelled to march back, and replace themselves at the end of the tail, in order to arrive at the source again at the proper moment, really working hard for health. Having surveyed and comprehended all these matters, and taken my stipulated amount of tepid water and walking, I repaired to the best of cafés, the Elephant, in the Wiese, where a delicious cup of *chocolat santé*, and the unrivalled breads of endless variety, which Carlsbad alone can produce, awaited me on a little table under the shade of the pollard chestnut. Then I repaired to my *soi-disant* Paradies, where they modestly asked three florins for



TONI. QUEEN OF THE SPRUDEL MÄDCHEN.

my room, and I politely declined acceding to the request. The Ober Kellner returned with a demand for 2/30, which I firmly but respectfully declined also, and sent my ultimatum an offer of two, indicating that I considered that about double the value received, and it was graciously accepted. This commencement gave me an unpleasant impression of my hosts, and I went to the room now prepared for me at the Schild, with the determination to have an understanding with the Frau, to whom I was addressed, before I committed myself. When I saw her I thought I had never seen a female less calculated to inspire confidence, and one whose countenance indicated *un moins heureux naturel*, slipshod, untidily dressed, active and bustling, always smiling. This interview determined me not to surrender without at least attempting to find a private lodging. I found all the first floors, and most of the second, occupied; and I had some difficulty in getting an apartment for less than a month; but at last I succeeded with an old lady who owns the Hanseathisches Hanse, about the middle of the Alte Wiese, where I got a vestibule, bed-room, dressing-room, and drawing-room, very clean and very comfortable, sixteen florins for a fortnight. They asked me two florins and a-half a day, or thirty-one for a fortnight, at the Schild, for a single room. It is true that my new apartment was *au troisième*; but in this respect, for any one not lame or

otherwise incapacitated, it is positively an advantage not to be too low. As I am now upon the subject of lodging at Carlsbad, and as it is a matter of some importance to those who may intend to visit it, I will give the result of my own experience. Avoid the hotels, one and all: they afford no advantage whatever, and have many discomforts peculiar to themselves. In the first place, when it is hot at Carlsbad, which is not unfrequently the case during the drinking season, it is apt to be *very* hot, and it is a great comfort to have the sun off your house by midday. Now, all the inns of note, except the Stadt Hanover, which, upon the whole, is perhaps the best, have no morning sun, but they have it upon them all the afternoon. Not one of the hotels is nearly as good as it might be; the Schild has some excellent apartments in the three houses of which it is composed, and if it were as thoroughly well-managed, as it is the contrary, might, with its garden, be comfortable enough; but they have all in common the drawback of a suffocating smell of kitchen half the day, which, in almost all, is mixed up with an agreeable, pungent, and more enduring odour of stables and rotting straw usually confined in the back court, and which, ascending in warm steam, permeates the entire house: besides, they not only give forth the culinary odours of what is cooked for the benefit of their own special frequenters, but also of that (and it is no small portion) which

is sent out to the lodging houses. The nicest of the separate houses is the King of England, above the Theresien Brunn gardens; and there are some agreeable houses in the Hirschen Sprung Gasse, which is a terrace looking as if it sat on the top of the houses in the Alte Wiese. They get the early morning sun and good air. In the Alte and Neue Wiese, which are the most fashionable, the air is certainly a little stagnant, with the river and two rows of thick, bushy, shady, horse-chestnuts bordering it on both sides; and the second or third floors are preferable to the first, because you get better air and more walking, which is a very necessary part of the ceremony. Before a bargain is finally made, it is as well for the lovers of comfort and tranquillity to make sure that they are not engaging the house of some musician, where practising is constantly going on, or one of the very few private houses where dinners are cooked to be sent out. Once clear of that and the afternoon sun, and taking care that your house is not actually built into the rock so as to have no proper ventilation, you will find yourself accommodated in a scrupulously clean and comfortable abode, with every attention in health or in sickness that you could possibly desire. They will make you a very good breakfast or tea at home, if you prefer having it in your room, or they will set your table out under the trees opposite your house. I almost always breakfasted at the Panorama, on account of the fine air, the pretty locale,

and the walk it gave me up the hill—then taking an easy book, or newspaper, and when the weather is fine, one is quite lost in the beauty and *agrément* of the place. If, however, you are *gourmand* about your coffee and chocolate, they can only be had in perfection at the Elephant, from whence, from eight o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening, they flow in perpetual fountains, and gratify the palates of fresh successions of visitors. It is wonderful to what a degree of perfection they have carried their attention to the feelings of their guests at Carlsbad, and it must be owing to some very outrageous misconduct if you experience, I won't say incivility, but the slightest approach to it. If you go to a café, not only are you not compelled to eat of their bread, but not even to drink of their drink, for you may buy your own bread, and bring it with you and have your own coffee, tea, or cocoa, made up for you there, almost without charge, and you may sit down and occupy a little table, and have nothing but a glass of water, and read the newspaper and sit as long as you please, without receiving an impatient glance. You may come and go, pay or not at the time, have as little or as much as you think proper, and you will never be disturbed. The result, of course, of this, as of all thoroughly good-humoured civility, from whatever motive it may proceed, is, that nine-tenths of the comers spend a great deal more than they otherwise would.



The Elephant Coffee House.

See page 114.



The Carlsbad bread deserves a chapter by itself; most people, during their morning potations, purchase their provision for breakfast, and the varieties of shape and composition give great scope to this harmless exercise of gastronomy.

The Germans are not generally very enterprising, as far, at least, as a traveller sees of them; not because they are naturally deficient in spirit and activity, I am inclined to think—witness what a German waiter will do—but they are cramped by their paternal government; and that energy which, by wise institutions, should be fostered and guided, is here hopelessly discouraged. However, in the article of bread at this watering place, they have shown no disposition to be satisfied with anything short of perfection. Bohemia and Austria Proper not producing sufficiently excellent materials, they have their flour from the Bannat of Temeswar, some 1000 miles off, and their yeast twice a week from Vienna. The varieties of the staff of life are here endless, though they certainly appear in a somewhat fragile shape, and if any one were to lean upon the so-called stange or bar of bread for support, it would treat him very much after the fashion of Pharaoh King of Egypt. There are endless diminutive appellations of endearment given to these little idols. The following are, however, the principal designations: first, the Semeln, which is the common round roll, and which is either quite plain, or has in it a little

milk. Those who like to have a reason for a name will be gratified to learn that it is so called from the Latin *semel*, *once* baked; in contradistinction to the Bis-cotto or Zwieback (the rusk or biscuit), *twice* baked. Next comes the Kipfl, or Hörnl, so designated from its crescent shape, which is nearly as universal in Germany as the Semeln, and is the invariable native accompaniment of the morning's coffee. Then the Stange, which is a very crisp finger, about a foot long, and has a little butter added to the flour and milk. Following in the wake of this, but a step nearer pastry, is the Stritzel; it is extremely good, but unlike the Stange, twisted in the shape of a true lover's knot. Then the Zwieback, before described, of which the most *recherché* is that made at Presburgh, which has a European reputation, cannot be made elsewhere, and is to be found in all distinguished watering places. It is a rusk encrusted with a mixture of almonds and sugar, very light; they dip it here in their chocolate and coffee, and esteem it a great delicacy; it is to be found, *chez nous*, in that great exhibition of all nations, called Fortnum and Mason's; but it is somewhat too sweet for the generality of British palates. The Oblaten are, however, the pride of Carlsbad; they are attractive-looking wafers, or rather double wafers, quite flat, about five inches in diameter, impressed with a mediæval pattern, and inclosing sugar, crisp and crackling, with a slight

taste of vanille; they are not usually eaten till after dinner. So far you are within the magic medical circle. Outside the sacred precincts there are such things as Kugellhopf, a species of Baba, and Böhmisches kolatchen, a local luxury, made of heavier materials, sometimes a little cheese finding its way into it; excellent in their way, but not to be thought of by the docile water-drinker; the latter he must not approach till he has left off drinking six weeks.

The Germans are everywhere celebrated for their farinaceous mixtures, bread, pudding, and confectionary; and these are the names which are current at this celebrated watering place. Now where there are so many tempting bakers' shops (and every one has a favourite), it may seem invidious to particularize. However, having had considerable experience, and knowing how much the English taste leans to the Wasserbrod, *i. e.*, simple flour and water, I have no hesitation in giving the preference to a somewhat out-of-the-way unassuming-looking shop, sign of the Golden Bell, just *above* the Three Pheasants' Inn. It really melts in one's mouth, and for some time I could hardly persuade myself that it was quite pure. Maders Schweitzer Bäckerey, just over the bridge, gives the best Kipfls and Stritzles; and the Goldene Knone, Alte Wiese, the best Stanges and Fleckten, a plainer sort of double Stange—two twisted together—they are remarkably good; I can recommend

them. Besides all the foregoing, there is another composition which some people cannot breakfast without, which are Kipfls and a Stange, which goes at the Krone by the name of the Kleistliche Stange, because it was invented by Countess Kleist, both covered with rock salt and cummin seed. It seems a strange mixture, and I could hardly induce myself to taste it; I, however, did so, and was conquered at once; it is reckoned very wholesome. Last, but not least, comes the Roggen brod, or rye bread, the joy and delight of all true Germans, and which I would fain enjoy too, but it is the bane of weak digestions. The natives would rather have a piece of good rye bread and butter than the choicest sweet cakes you can offer them. I was surprised to find that it was not very cheap at Carlsbad; it cost a trifle more than one penny a pound, and you may get good wheaten bread in Bristol for the same price. They do make a sort of brown bread, of which the large proportion is wheaten meal, but it is not popular. It is difficult to ascertain the exact value, by weight, of the finest white rolls; you get five for twopence; these may weigh a pound and a quarter, which would make the four-pound loaf about sixpence halfpenny. The natives rarely eat above two with their breakfast, in the face of a dinner between twelve and two o'clock. From the number of bakers' shops one meets with in Carlsbad, one should be tempted to suppose that people lived on bread alone; and indeed there is some truth in the

supposition; the quantity of meat consumed per head amongst the population must be exceedingly trifling. I forget the number of souls mentioned in Dr. De Carro's *Almanach*, strangers included, but it exceeds 5000, and the shambles are so small that one has some difficulty in discovering them; in fact, the elements for the dinners are of the most moderate order. Beef, mutton, and veal such as this, would be, in the classical language of that animal paradise in the heart of the City called Smithfield, of a very slow demand. The poultry is impossible; the vegetables neither numerous nor excellent of their sort; hares and partridges, when they are to be got, are as good as elsewhere; and Hase mit schmetten sauce is a delicacy. You can generally get a good soup and a good Mehlspiese; and if you don't dine too late, or if you take the trouble to order it beforehand, you can get an eatable bit of beef or mutton.

At the Panorama, the Kursaal, and some of the hotels, if you give them a day or two's notice, you can have something better; but all such festins are to be avoided by the prudent water drinker: indeed, at the inns, the hosts are in dread of the doctors, and will neither give you mustard, nor vinegar, nor salad, however much you may insist upon your right to do what you will with what your money will buy. One discovers some ludicrous inconsistencies in the *régime de rigueur*, such, for instance, as this: because they are little accustomed to eat cold

butter at breakfast and tea as we do, it is forbidden; but you are permitted to partake at dinner of their cookery, all of which is swimming in bad melted and fried butter, which to English apprehensions is really unwholesome. There can be no doubt that the plainer you live whilst under the influence of this powerful water the better; and the more we islanders can bend our stubborn selves into conformity to the hours here, the better shall we be able to get on afterwards with our own. Get up at half-past five at *latest*; make the indispensable commencement of an Englishman's toilet; wrap yourself up warm; dispose of your eight glasses, more or less, between six and eight; don't force yourself to drink more than you comfortably can—nature will direct you; dawdle about, or walk for half an hour before you come home after the last glass; then return home and finish dressing, which will rest you if at all tired; try and get to breakfast at nine. The quantity of water that has been swallowed, with most people, prevents a very ravenous appetite, but the amount of it will again be your truest guide as to quantity; don't hear of any nonsense about abstaining from tea, coffee, chocolate, or butter; the golden rule is, never touch anything about which you are *doubtful* at other times, but continue what you know agrees with you. Breakfast out of doors if you *possibly* can, and stay out; try and forget there is such a thing as business, or a penny post. Wander

about the shady woods, dine at two, sit afterwards; saunter out to one of the thousand ginguettes that are more or less distant from the town about six o'clock, there you will be soothed by music, a cup of chocolate, and oblaten. Try and abstain from eating again afterwards, and you will find a very comfortable sleep stealing over you about half-past nine. Fight manfully against sleep in the day time, you will have one or two hard struggles with the enemy; shake yourself and rush out, and afterwards he is vanquished.

It is incredible the number of doctors there are; everybody I spoke to seemed to have a different one; and it is the more remarkable, as the profits hardly seem worth the competition, and, in many cases, they cannot defray the expenses of the journey and sojourn. I see it stated in the guide books of the place, which appear to have authority, that the ordinary fee for the four or five weeks of the cure, is from ten to twenty-four florins, in other words, from a napoleon to two guineas; to be sure, the advice is usually given during the mornings' walk; and no great expenditure is needed in carriages, horses, and gold-headed canes; but there is some difference between that and the English tariff. Think what terror such a proposition would spread in Saville Row. What a pity it is we cannot have a little Free Trade in these matters, a sort of Medical County Court. Many of these gentlemen who practise thus

at Carlsbad are men of instruction and attainments; but the proverb “Quot homines, tot sententiæ,” holds quite as good here as elsewhere: some aver that great discrimination is necessary in the choice of the proper spring; others, that as the analysis gives to all the same ingredients, with very trifling exceptions, the temperature at which they come forth from the earth, and at which they are swallowed, makes no difference; my own experience contradicts the latter opinion. Some, again, think it absolutely necessary, in order to produce a proper effect, that the waters should have a drastic effect; others, that this particular consequence, though generally present, is very far from being a *sine quâ non*; and they produce many cases where, after a while, great benefits have resulted from drinking these waters, although at the time they have had even a contrary effect. And thus there is always something to buoy up the patient's spirits: if he improves in health whilst under the operation of drinking, the conclusion is manifest; if he feels very unwell and dejected, it is a sign the waters are taking effect; if the symptoms for which he is paying his devoirs at Carlsbad manifest, no perceptible alteration, then the good is to come on return home. Few pass through their course without experiencing reminiscences of most of the ills they have suffered from in former life, and some periods of nervous depression and weakness; but many do not lose flesh.

Some have an intense appetite, and it is beyond all question that hundreds depart yearly in a wonderfully improved state of health. It is, probably, the most potent medical agent of all the German waters, and it is hardly safe for dilettante invalids like myself to go there, for half the faces one sees look so thoroughly uncomfortable that it is enough to make one ill if one were not so before. Everybody looks into everybody's physiognomy, every morning at Carlsbad; the sickly ones become the most familiar, and, in spite of all determinations to the contrary, one's eyes will everlastingly wander to them during the morning's march.

I never was much more astonished at anything than at the circulating medium here,—a surprise which was not lessened when I was assured that, curious as it was, they had just emerged from a state of things still more unheard of. When I presented my metal thaler to pay for something, I was offered in change a little bundle of most inconceivable-looking dirty shreds of paper: the only thing I can liken them to, are the toll tickets one sees in a waggoner's hat after an accidental sojourn there of two or three days. Upon my manifesting some repugnance to this proposed exchange of silver for filthy rags, the bookseller, at whose shop I happened to be, told me, that about two years ago, when the financial difficulties of Austria were at their culminating point, they resorted to an

issue of vast quantities of paper redeemable upon future contingencies. The precious metals at once vanished. The people, recollecting the events at the termination of the great war in 1815, when the Government compelled the payment of taxes in the silver florin, value two shillings, whilst it issued a paper florin, nominally the same value, but really not worth more than tenpence, were very shy of accepting the new offer. So they hit upon a succedaneum in the shape of private paper: each shopkeeper issued notes, promising to pay at sight a certain amount of bread, or meat, or cloth, or silk, as the case might be. This was carried on to an incredible extent, and was, I was assured, for some time, the only alternative to a state of absolute barter. Some rather ludicrous scenes took place with foreigners coming to Carlsbad, who were not altogether satisfied with the offer of this species of change in return for their sovereigns and napoleons. One traveller, already sufficiently discontented with the ragged scraps which the exigencies of life had compelled him to accept, went to a second or third-rate inn, and having got something to eat, presented one of these *bons* for payment; whereupon, as it represented a higher value than the soup and Rindfleisch he had consumed, being some shoemaker's acceptance for a pair of shoes, certain papers were tendered in exchange, of so novel a cut and colour, that with disdain he

rejected them, scornfully inquiring who was to be responsible to him for the fulfilment of such promissory note. With equal haughtiness the tenderer replied, "I, to be sure!" "And pray, sir, who may you be?" "Why, the head waiter of the Three Periwinkles, to be sure," with an obeisance of offended dignity. There was no other means of carrying on the daily affairs of life, and so irritability was useless; but the losses incident to such a state of things, when even the waiters enjoyed the hitherto royal privilege of mint, can easily be imagined. I have already said the precious metals disappeared; and the contrivances to which they had recourse under the circumstances, demonstrates how very much necessity is the mother of invention. One process combines so much simplicity and originality that it is worthy of mention. The florin is composed of sixty kreuzers; the notes issued by the Government are for ten kreuzers and six kreuzers; but as by far the largest number of daily transactions fall below the lowest sum issued, namely, the six-kreuzer note, the question arose how to obtain the smaller change. They wisely cut the knot that they could not solve. At each corner a number was printed, indicating the value; so when a purchase of three kreuzers was to be made, the note was cut in half; when smaller still, the fragment was again subject to the requisite process of diminution. It may easily be supposed what the Government Bank gains by the

enormous percentage of this flimsy stuff, which is worn out, overlooked, or destroyed, and the consequent loss to private individuals, especially the poorest class. The people are to a farther extent sufferers, on account of the fall of the Austrian credit. There is now a fair sprinkling of copper, but during the course of the six weeks I was in Bohemia, I did not meet with a single piece of silver in the ordinary transactions of life. The so-called Austrian silver florin is properly worth two shillings; it is now only worth one shilling and eightpence. Prices remain almost unchanged, so the shopkeeper, if he has dealings with the foreigner for the supply of his goods, is a loser to the extent of near twenty per cent. One wonders how they manage to bear all this with so little open murmuring. Quietness and good nature seem part of the Austrian character, and combined with it there is a frankness and simplicity in their manners which renders them to my mind very engaging; and as self-interest is, perhaps, still more favourable to the development of these qualities, they shine forth here in their full lustre.

Carlsbad has been called, and with some truth, an immense hospital, with free trade in medical advice. The quietness of the place is extraordinary, although the traffic through it during the season is to such an extent, that I have seen several times six, and sometimes even seven diligences, and

extra post-waggons, standing together changing horses in the market-place. During the hours of drinking, however, these vehicles are compelled to go by back streets, and even afterwards they are not permitted to pass through otherwise than at a slow pace, and the post-horn cannot be blown in the town. I never heard a dog yelp, or a child scream, or any painful sound from any quarter; and what is still more extraordinary, though I always leant an attentive ear, I never heard a boy whistle or sing, though I have several times seen them come out of school. Whether it is the effect of the Sprudel vapour, or whether the police order them off, I can't say, but the carol of a bird is never heard; indeed, they are very rarely to be met with in the woods which surround the town. Yet, with all this, no one can say Carlsbad has a dull air; on the contrary, the outdoors' life and locomotion required, the constant ebb and flow of the visitors, fill the streets at all hours, and gives it at times the appearance of a fair. Go where you will in the afternoon, you will see parties of all ages and sizes sitting at little tables under shady trees or booths, sipping their chocolate and conversing. Then sounds, sometimes though not always of sweet music, float upon the air; at one time the inspiring chords of Labitzky's unrivalled capelle, sometimes the wilder notes of the Styrian and Tyrolese airs—voice, harp, and guitar.

The Bohemian harp is a most unsophisticated instrument, made at a village called Preisnitz, not far off, for about two guineas; it has six octaves, and the semitones are produced by the pressure of a little brass hook which turns on a screw in the top. Two of these harps, with a guitar, flute, and violin, more or less, compose the usual tea-garden bands; and so correct is the national ear in this land of harmony, that you will rarely hear a note out of tune, even if it does not give you an inclination to dance, greater or less, according to your age and nerves. There is no rose without its thorns; and as the windows are all open, and music the rage, hopeless attempts to conquer Thalberg's newest fantasia, and to rise to the heights of "Robert! Robert! grace pour toi et moi," induce one occasionally devoutly to join in that lofty aspiration. I was myself rather unfortunately situated in one respect, being directly opposite the theatre; for though the stream was between us, the roof of the playhouse was of so slight a material that the rehearsals of the operas (not quite of the best when the evening came) at times sent forth strains resembling a discordant shout, the seven male and seven female choristers having failed in a sensation chorus. The opera, however, is really not so *very* bad as might be expected, assisted by Labitsky's orchestra; and the comedy is very respectably given. The singers and actors have, besides, this great and evident merit—

the having learned to live upon air. The pit costs tenpence, the stalls sixteenpence, the boxes three shillings and sixpence, and the theatre is never more than half full; still it continues during the season, beginning at five and terminating at eight, and, strange to say, the corps does not die of starvation. Unquestionably the expenses of existence are not very onerous. My breakfast, as I chose to be so extravagant as to go out to the coffee-house, and to give the waitress a penny, cost me sixpence halfpenny, and my dinner one shilling and ninepence, lodging one shilling and eightpence, attendance sixpence a day. But then I was generous and lavish. The shops afford attractions. The Bohemian garnets are celebrated, and are set not without some taste, and in great variety. Other jewellery there is besides, of different descriptions, excellent imitations of rococo, lace of various patterns, made up for ladies' toilettes, and very pretty things in inlaid woods, at prices quite incomprehensible to those who are accustomed to deal in the privileged streets of London. Mader, the watchmaker, deserves an European reputation. There is also an immense show of very ingeniously-contrived cutlery, which is in great vogue amongst the natives, and is well known by its blue-coloured handles; it is almost as cheap, but not nearly so good, as our own Sheffield. There are shops for the wares of the several porcelain manufacturers in the neighbourhood; the articles

exhibited show progress, and there is a certain originality about their shapes and colours that is highly praiseworthy. The glaring defect is, an overcharge both of gilding and painting; but, as the eyes of their customers get better educated, this will give place to a simpler and a purer taste; and there is something pleasant in remarking the absence of a servile imitation of Sevres and Dresden, which is elsewhere so universal as to become fatiguing. The flower and fruit painting is improving much; and they have all their materials here so close at hand in the valley of the Eger, with new coal-pits daily discovering themselves, that, if not interfered with bureaucratically, this manufacture promises to be a great source of wealth to the country. The coal which is the cheapest, and most in use here, is not black, but of a bister colour, and is called brown coal: it does not dirty the fingers, and it has an agreeable appearance; but it is not good, and it dirties the chimneys, giving out a dense brown smoke. The black coal is infinitely preferred. I am told that it is supposed to be an imperfect formation left by nature in a transition state. It is very cheap, and used by all the cooks in Carlsbad; and if by its smoke it does not enhance the beauty of the landscape, let us hope that it may do so in another way, by keeping the axe out of the woods which clothe the neighbouring hills, and lend such a charm to the view on all sides. The walks and drives

about Carlsbad are endless, shady, dry, and remarkably well kept by means of a small tax levied upon each visitor, and for which he is abundantly repaid.

At Carlsbad they have a peculiar method of assessing a tax upon a certain portion, and that no inconsiderable one, of the incomes of the inhabitants, letting lodgings being the grand source of revenue. Each owner of a house is obliged, by a regulation which has both a police and a fiscal object, to fill up a paper upon the arrival of his lodger, stating his name, quality, and the date of his entrance into the house; and upon his departure, a duplicate of this form must be sent to the office in order to obtain the passport. Thus the officials ascertain exactly how many lodgers each owner has had, the length of their stay, and the floors they have occupied, and can, therefore, form a pretty good guess as to the rent that has been paid. When the season is over the owner is summoned to the bureau, and then commences a great deal of fencing between the assessor and his victim, as to the real gains made; the one endeavouring to increase, the other to decrease, the sum to be accounted for as much as possible. When, at last, it is settled, the Government takes no less than twenty per cent., or one-fifth of the whole; which is further increased to the tax-payer by a very strange regulation, compelling him to defray the postage of the official documents, from the village

to the chief town of the circle, thence to the head-office in the capital of the province for a final overhauling, and then back again, to be registered as confirmed in each of those places; and he may think himself fortunate if some error or other, of which he is wholly guiltless, has not taken it round by Vienna. Such is their mania for registration. I have been told that, as a system, their official account-keeping is well contrived, and would work well did they not carry it to such an absurd extreme.

Hammer, Aich, Hans Heiling, Engelhouse, Elbogen, Hauenstein, Guisübl, and Dalwitz, are attractive objects for a promenade; but, somehow, the day is gone before there is time to think about them. Charming panoramas are to be seen from the Aberg and Orientirung's Hohe, especially the latter. Perhaps the most delightful view about the place is from the gardens of the Helenen Hof, which, this year, was the gayest of the gay, in consequence of its being occupied by a distinguished individual, who gave several *but too* brilliant entertainments, whose first wish appeared to be, to make others happy, whom no mischance affected, and who on his departure carried away all hearts in the place. The only objection I have to make to him is, that he was in too strong health to need the cure, and that the entertainments were of a nature to place duty to the severe requirements of the locality, and inclination to amusement and indulgence, in perpetual conflict. Poor



The two Ladies of Carlsbad.

See page 133.

humanity ought not to be so exposed to such severe trials. He has much to answer for; and I believe the faculty, terrified for the hitherto unsullied reputation of the place, meditated a combined remonstrance against such Un-kur-mässig doings.

Carlsbad is a Babel as to nations and languages, as every one knows; and people come and go, and compare disorders, and make intimate acquaintances which are proverbial for the shortness of their duration; but all that, makes such society as may suit one's fancy; as light as a native Mehlspeise, there is no future in it—all is present—all is ephemeral. There is hardly food for scandal in a hospital, though there are some persons who come here for a sort of gay season; and such a thing as a matrimonial alliance, though very rare, has been known to originate in this otherwise anti-hymeneal soil. These comers are chiefly such as winter in Dresden, Cracow, Warsaw, and Prague, who get some insight into a different world from contact with the strangers from its various parts. They gossip over the coffee-table, and are extremely anxious to know who is who.

There are two never-failing yearly visitors to Carlsbad, who may now be considered as much a part of the place as the two celebrated ladies were an integral portion of the enchanting environs of Llangollen; and, indeed, except that those were sisters by association, love, and affection, and these by the tie

of nature, there is a good deal of resemblance between them—with one point of striking difference. The similitude consists in a costume wholly unlike that of those about them, and in a complete knowledge of everything, and everybody—birth, parentage, and education ; the dissimilarity, in a contempt for personal appearance in the two ladies of Carlsbad, whilst their Welsh prototypes were as remarkable for the scrupulousness of their half-antique costumes. The resemblance also holds good in a strong desire to please, and in the complete absence of even the smallest unkind expression when speaking of others. They are always to be found amongst the Elephantine shades during the day-time, whatever the weather may be, with coffee, or work, or newspapers; and in the evening, at their own house, ready to accept or communicate information ; and any one who has the good fortune to do so will have reason to congratulate himself upon having made an acquaintance, of which the originality of first appearances would probably not have enabled him at once to comprehend the intrinsic value. One of these two ladies is a great invalid; and the never-failing devotion of her sister towards her is a touching example to all who witness it. The freedom with which every one talks politics is very striking; and the moment of my visit was one which gave infinite occasion for remarks of this nature. I mentioned before the sort of feeling that I found existing in

Hamburgh, amongst the common people, towards the Austrians. I had not been long in Carlsbad before I found that there was no love lost between them and the Prussians. I made some trivial inquiries of the waitress of one of the popular guinguettes, as she gave me my breakfast; and as these ladies are never unwilling to gossip, she proceeded to inform me of the inexpressibly shabby conduct of a party who had had some coffee for which they had not paid, on some pretence or other, and (singularly rare occurrence) had never returned to make good their omission. Upon asking who they could be, she said they were either Jews or Prussians, she could not be certain which, but most probably the latter.

Nothing can be more lamentable than to hear the language of the Germans when speculating upon the future destinies of their country. They seem to have lost all confidence, not in their rulers alone, for at that one should hardly be surprised; but, what is far worse, in their country's fortunes. One and all declare that there is no real religion in Germany; and though at first I could hardly bring myself to credit it, I have now come to the conclusion that it is no exaggeration of the fact. Frederick the Great and his system* have fairly up-

* The system of Frederick the Great, in a civil point of view, is admirable; human ingenuity could scarcely have devised a better, and, with its subsequent improvements, has tended to give Prussia the remarkable stability which she has lately manifested, in spite of the anti-cohesive nature of her dominions. And the excellent

rooted it in North Germany, and indeed the truth compels me to declare, that Protestant Germany is almost without a creed. The Church service is never thought of on a week-day, never twice on a Sunday; and in Dresden and other places I believe the habit amongst the upper classes, is to go about once a month. If you express your surprise at this habitual absence from God's house, they will tell you that by going too often it loses its effect. In regard to the working classes, I have no data; but there are certain indications that would tend to show that the expectation of such observances on their part must be limited indeed. In the first place, their opportunities and means of attendance are in a smaller ratio; then they work a good deal on a Sunday; then they have adult Sunday-schools, where the subject of religion is never introduced, and where reading, writing, arithmetic, trades, and design are taught, not unfrequently under municipal authority. Then the training-schools for masters are not arranged as ours are, where the art of communicating knowledge is the principal thing taught, and that mainly of a religious tendency, by means of the young school attached; but, during

state of her finances, after the recent storm, will demonstrate this even to the superficial observer. But if you attempt, what Frederick did, to substitute official accuracy and a well-devised system of checks and supervision for religious principle, instead of grafting it upon it, you build upon an inverted cone; and, though it may apparently flourish for a time, it will eventually collapse, for it is founded on the sand.

the three years of exacted attendance, they are crammed, and often successfully (for the German intellect is a very powerful one), with a great variety of learning. The faith, however, of Christ crucified for our offences, and risen again for our justification, is not only *never* taught, but the poisonous doctrines of Hegel, Bauer, and Strauss are openly inculcated. Not the schoolmasters only, but the clergy also are, I am assured—and by the Protestants themselves—deeply tinctured with these blasphemous opinions. The sowers then go forth to sow their seed, and the fruits, in due time (not quite so rapidly, though perfectly similar to those of the Theban plough), spring up. Wurtemberg and Baden prided themselves upon the perfection to which they had brought their schools and their scholars. Every one, under pain of fine, was compelled to make his child drink, for six years, of this fountain. The inspectors, with truth, reported that their progress in learning was considerable, and the most accurate and satisfactory statistics were duly registered and deposited in the archives of the respective Governments; and yet, in 1848, in these two German principalities, where one should have expected the greatest resistance to the wild and revolutionary outbreak of that period, the most complete disorder prevailed, and it appears to have been then, for the first time, discovered, that every village and every hamlet was impregnated with blasphemy and sedition. Politically, and socially,

they were without excuse; every feudal service had been abolished, and the workman and peasant proprietor was protected by the laws, and comfortable in circumstances, far beyond nineteenth-twentieths of the same class in the rest of civilized Europe. Socialism, communism—every fantastic and deceitful notion that the arch enemy of our race can suggest—grows in rank luxuriance throughout a great part of Protestant Germany.

The Catholic portion of its inhabitants, and especially the Austrian and some of the Bavarian provinces, are, in this respect, better; they have some kind of religious faith—some little attachment to law and order. The school children assemble at seven o'clock in the morning till nine, when they attend service for half an hour, and frequently join in singing with the organ: there are set times for dogmatic teaching by the parish priests; to be sure, as I have already described, in the neighbourhood of Carlsbad it is not of a very elevating description, and the fables inculcated are often so transparent, that even quite the commoner sort see through them; the result is, extensive infidelity. In the middle class this is even more the case; still, some have sufficient discrimination to see the blessed doctrine of the atonement shining, like the polar star, through all the dross and impurity of patristic tradition, and have something still to cling to, with which to make human life comprehensible and tolerable. Therefore, in Catholic Germany, there

is yet, in the bulk of the people, some small holding-ground for the anchor of hope. When, however, in addition to all these fermenting elements of trouble and confusion, one adds the feeling generated by the political events of the last three years, one can hardly be surprised at the desponding and bitter view taken of the future by the inhabitants of this remarkable country. The unanimity of dissatisfaction is by no means so astonishing as the freedom and strength of language with which it is expressed. The epithets applied by his own subjects to the King of Prussia are enough to make one's ears tingle. Amongst other things, the inexcusable calling out of the Landwehr, last winter, added to total retrogression in all liberal policy, seems to have filled the cup of Prussian grievance to overflowing. They said, "had the case arisen when it had become necessary to do battle for our national independence, under the guidance of a wise, liberal, and consistent Sovereign, there is nothing to which we would not cheerfully have submitted; but to have all this intense loss and inconvenience created for the sake of warding off the consequences of royal and diplomatic duplicity, is perfectly intolerable." I heard several instances of the suffering caused by this calling out of the Landwehr; and, amongst the rest, a lady of high degree herself narrated to me her own case. Just as her only daughter died, her husband and every one of her male servants, except one, who was a foreigner, were called

away. The mournful obsequies were not yet completed, before, at less than twelve hours' notice, she was ordered to receive and provide for twelve officers and eighty soldiers in her house.

I have no accurate idea whether the young Emperor Franz Joseph is popular or otherwise with his subjects. On the 16th there was a special ball at the Kursaal in honour of his birthday, which falls either on that day or the day after, and a coloured print, of some dimensions—a species of art in which they are great adepts here, giving to the counterfeit all the air of an oil picture—was put up, encircled with laurels. It appears that upon such occasions it is the custom for the officers who happen to be present to arrange themselves on each side the portrait, and to commence the festivities of the evening by singing the National Anthem. Except it is intended to emblematised and give significance to the Teutonic love of arms, it does not seem quite evident why the military only should be put forward; and some of them told me it had a thoroughly flat and unsatisfactory effect, having the appearance of carrying out an order from head-quarters, instead of being the result of spontaneous enthusiasm, the only valuable sentiment at such times. The town was well illuminated at the expense of the municipality on the following day, and one device had a magnificent effect—a great double-headed imperially-crowned eagle, erected upon a scaffolding on the cliffs immediately above the town. The

various crosses on the heights were also well traced out in light, and completed a very pretty ensemble. The town was thronged with country people from miles round, and it would be curious to know the nature of their thoughts. The Austrians are a gay, laughter-loving people, in their holiday attire. They thoroughly enter into an amusement, and delight in the dance and song. Just at this moment the ordinances, abrogating the Constitution, were promulgated. There is no doubt that, as originally settled, with Austria's complicated empire, that constitution never could have worked. Still the abrupt and despotic manner in which it was annulled, coupled with the events which had preceded it in Cassel, Berlin, and elsewhere, sensibly hurt the feelings of the people, and caused the event to be regarded with deep dissatisfaction. They did not appear exactly to understand its whole bearings, but what I heard they said, was, "Ah, now the Emperor can tax us as much as he pleases, without the consent of our deputies."

Strange to say, there does not seem to be a man in all Germany, Prince or Minister, who appears, I won't say capable of dealing with the extraordinary difficulties of the present state of affairs, but who appears to have the slightest notion of the exigencies of his own country, or the times in which he lives. In Prussia we see a Sovereign, in reference to whom the

most charitable conclusion at which one can arrive is, that he is occasionally under the influence of some mental delusion. On the throne of Austria appears a youth, who, I believe, is high-spirited, and endued with many good qualities; but, in the absence of all experience—with no better influences about him than Count Gr^{ün}n and Prince Schwartzenberg—how is he to surmount the intense embarrassments of his present situation? I have no wish to speak otherwise than with respect of these personages. The former is, I believe, an officer of merit, capable of rendering the Emperor assistance in the game of soldiers; and the latter is a man of courage and conduct, who, in ordinary times, might have filled his post with credit, but there belong to his character two defects which eminently disqualify him for the present crisis. One is, an aversion to popular institutions; the other, an irritability, when thwarted or annoyed, which clouds his judgment, and induces him to overlook the real interests of his country in an almost petty desire to retaliate upon the person or country who has offended. A remarkable instance of this was afforded by his conduct to England in regard to Papal Aggression. Every one must regret the policy we pursued towards Austria in 1848, and it can hardly be supposed that it should not have generated feelings of deep dissatisfaction on the part of the Austrians towards us. Still, a real statesman would at once

have seen that it would not mend matters, to endeavour to widen the breach as much as possible by actually attempting to excite internal dissensions and troubles amongst us. No Austrian that I spoke to seemed to doubt that the celebrated rescript, which caused such a commotion amongst us, was more or less the work of Austria and Naples; and that the price of it was the cession, on the part of Austria, of a most important right, which—extorted from the Pope by Joseph II.,—has remained in full force up to the present time. It was to the effect that no Papal bull or rescript could be *published*, or have any force in the Austrian empire, without the sanction of the Emperor. The proposal to renounce this privilege was discussed in the Council of Ministers, and Prince Schwarzenberg was almost alone in its advocacy. Upon a vote, the council decided against it; yet the Prime Minister thought himself strong enough to set aside that decision, and in an evil hour the Emperor acted upon his advice. The concession to the Court of Rome has an apparent, though perfectly unreal modification—namely, that these rescripts are to be valid without the assent of the Crown only when they relate to spiritual matters. Who is to draw the line when one party claims to be infallible? We fancy in England we know something about the difficulty. This concession may also have been granted in order more firmly to engage the

Pope and his staff in the warfare against liberal opinions; though upon that point, after what has passed, I should have thought no additional incentive could have been wanting. That is one of my principal reasons for supposing that this act of conformity to the wishes of the Holy Father had a deeper meaning. I have, however, mentioned these circumstances—which, to say the least of them, are difficult to account for in any other way—in order to illustrate the mischiefs which will always arise when individuals, or statesmen, or governments—for the cases are identical—endeavour to injure others, or from a blind unchristian desire to retaliate. And then that other idea of inculcating passive obedience by means of the priests. There never was a more fatal attempt. Once mix up religion and politics, which is the favourite delusion of the present day amongst the so-called party of order on the Continent, and you will not fail to inflict a most serious blow upon the first, which is your only safeguard. I have read books upon this subject, much in vogue, written in an attractive style by men of ability and eloquence, which betray a confusion of ideas and a want of knowledge of the first principles of religion, which, to an Englishman, is as strange as it is deplorable. Let a Government permit an ecclesiastic to teach that there is something inconsistent with a man's duty towards his God in thinking that some particular form of government, not his own, is better cal-

culated, than his own, to secure the happiness of his country, and the effect will be a recoil, as well against the instructors as against the religion of which they are the ministers. In the present times there is hardly a shorter road to the destruction of an established church and practical infidelity.

All men of sense will applaud the strong measures taken to put down the wild licence of 1848, and to restore the authority of the law and something like order; though it is more than probable, that if gradual and timely concessions had been made previously, we should never have witnessed such an outbreak. But now that this is accomplished, and with all past experience before them, when, instead of an attempt to educate the public mind in the path of self-government and rational freedom, one sees only a determination manifested to return to the old effete despotisms—to be enforced by keeping the whole Continent bristling with bayonets—one can hardly, perhaps, be surprised at the reflecting part of the German nation despairing of the destinies of their country. Even those who belong to the Absolutist party have so little faith in their own doctrines and chances of success in the present state of public feeling, that, according to their different temperaments, they look to one of the three following events to clear away the clouds which at present overhang their political horizon: the intervention of the Emperor of Russia against liberalism—a general

and very sanguinary war—or the influence of the priests. This presents to my mind a chaos so complete, that it might well require a combination of the ablest statesmen that ever lived to bring it back again into shape. But when, instead of a combination of ability and single-heartedness, one perceives nothing but mediocrity, doubtful honesty, party spirit, and fanciful intrigue, the mind becomes utterly perplexed, and lost in the contemplation of the future. Some think that the world has nearly run its course, and that we are upon the eve of stupendous events. I am inclined myself to that view, though I have thought that before they occurred, the part which the great continent of America is to take in the affairs of our globe would be more fully developed. But whatever may be forming in the womb of futurity, I think all will admit that the civilized world never yet exhibited so strange a spectacle.

I perceive I have wandered far away into deep subjects, which ought never to engage the thoughts of a sedate water-drinker, who has fled from the struggle and bustle of the world to restore his health, and with it his mental tone. Let me see—where was I? I think I began this digression by something about education in Germany. Well, many a time I have gone into the church at Carlsbad, and watched the decent behaviour of the little school children at mass, singing to the organ. I used to go there at nine o'clock, on my way to

breakfast at the Panorama. The common class of servants and labourers can certainly read and write much better than our own; the reasons are obvious, and I have already given them, that from the age of six to twelve the law compels them to attend school, and it has struck me, that in learning to write they have an advantage in the shape, and especially in the breadth, of their desks; they are nearly flat, quite firm, and sufficiently broad to allow the arms to be supported; ours are narrower and more inclined; and as acquiring this art is always a difficulty, and more so to coarse-handed children, every facility possible should be given. In Austria the hours are from seven to nine in the morning; then church half an hour; then the girls sew and knit from ten till twelve; they return again from one to three in the afternoon. Thursday is generally a whole holiday, besides Sunday, and they have two half holidays in the week, besides the great saints' days. The religious instruction is usually given in church or vestry, on Sundays and high-days—none in school. The masters receive about £17 a year, and an apartment and some wood for firing, and they get what they can by private teaching at leisure hours. The children are taught the rudiments of drawing, and singing in parts. In some parts of Germany if a pupil shows an early proficiency in drawing, he is forwarded to another establishment to be instructed in the higher branches.

The Sunday in Carlsbad, as elsewhere in Germany, is the great day of amusement. As early as four o'clock the services begin in the church, and are repeated at intervals till midday. Quantities of the neighbouring people come into town at seven o'clock to hear Labitsky's entire band, which is then united at the Theresien Brunn, and go afterwards to high mass to hear the same band conjoined with the organ. In the evening there is the best piece at the Theatre, and balls in the various minor places of entertainment. The masses begin at the very early hour named, in order to give the domestic servants a possibility of attendance, and many avail themselves of the opportunity. Why is our Church so unbending that our services can never be accommodated to the wants of our people? When was ever such a thing heard of as a service at four o'clock in the morning? and no shorter selection from our liturgy is ever permitted under any pretence in our churches, however suitable it may be to the requirements of particular populations. Then comes another question: which nation is most moral and most religious—that which goes to church on a Sunday morning, and dedicates the rest of the day to amusement; or that which goes to church, and endeavours to employ the rest of the day in sobriety and meditation? Such, at least, are the respective Lord's-day theories on the Continent and in England.

I am not disposed to rate the morality of the peasant class in England at all more highly than that of the same class abroad; but I think that this is more owing to their want of education and instruction, and to the inactivity of many of our country clergy, than to any defect of character, or peculiarity in the observance of the Sabbath. Custom also sanctions so many things, which in consequence become harmless in one place, whilst they would be very hurtful in another, that it is not easy directly to trace the effects of a habit such as this one which so essentially differs from our own; what influence it may have had in that complete undermining of religious principle which is now so loudly and universally deplored in this land, it is also not easy to discover. I think, however, from the conversations I have had with the common people, that they seem to care little about the mass, and intensely for the ball and the shooting match, and that serious reflection, such as I understand it to be, is hardly compatible with the *abandon* with which an Austrian or Bohemian of this class throws him or her self into the dance.

A compulsory observance of the Sunday, it is clear, defeats its own object; for it has been tried, and has failed. I much question, however, whether any country is safe whose habits in regard to work and amusement do not permit some stated time to be set apart for reflection, meditation, and devotion; for

mere church-going without these accompaniments will soon become a form. Any one who will hit upon a law, or institute a custom, which shall insure a minimum of work to the labouring class on a Sunday, will be amongst the greatest benefactors to his country; and this applies with double force to our own, where there are no other holidays or periods of cessation from toil. In Carlsbad many shops are shut on the Sunday, especially before twelve o'clock, but a good deal of work is done; and what strikes an Englishman most, is, to see buildings going on pretty much as usual.

I must, however, cease moralizing; for I have nearly ended my story, as far as Carlsbad is concerned. I was not fortunate in my attempt to improve my health. My original intention was to have remained there just sufficiently long to prepare for the baths of Frauzens brunn; but I was persuaded by my medical advisers to give the waters a more extended trial; and, instead of three weeks, I remained five. At the end of this time, unequivocal symptoms of disagreement manifested themselves, and I became as nervous and uncomfortable as one need desire. The weather also, which though previously capricious, had been warm, became so rainy and cold that I was compelled to abandon all idea of the baths; and, early in September, I prepared for my return homewards.

It was quite remarkable, after the eclipse, how regularly the

thunder-clouds collected and discharged themselves once a week. On one of these occasions, the rain fell in such quantities in the higher regions of the Teple, that it all but overflowed its banks at Carlsbad, and brought back uncomfortable reminiscences of a disaster in the season of 1821, when nearly all the wooden booths on the Wiese were carried off in the night, and an immense amount of property destroyed. At the same period this year, waterspouts fell in the valleys of the Mourg and Lichten, and carried away the bridges at Baden, and for a time all communication was suspended between the town and the gambling-rooms. A little further on the streams united, and, rushing into the level and fertile plains of the Rhine, caused great devastation, and destroyed the railway in the neighbourhood of Rastadt. No town would appear to stand in so precarious a situation as Carlsbad; thrice it has been all but destroyed by fire, twice by cold water, and several alarming symptoms of insubordination have been manifested by the boiling water, which they endeavour to confine to the Sprudel. One fine day, not many years ago, it spurted out from under a grocer's counter, and bathed the entire stock of sugar and figs.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RETURN.

THERE is something naturally depressing, after having made an effort for the benefit of health, and after having buoyed oneself up with hopes that, though delayed, the improvement might still come at last, to discover that the attempt has been a failure, and that, possibly, harm instead of good will be the result, and that so one may be in a fair way to realize the Cheltenham epitaph: "I was pretty well, I wished to be better, and—Here I am." As the drowning man catches at a straw, so I bethought myself of the water-doctor's last refuge, when all his prognostics have failed: "True! you are not better, you are perhaps even a little worse; but before long you will have a crisis, and after that you will become sensible how much good this visit has conferred upon you." Trying to inoculate myself with this idea—an attempt in which I need hardly say I was but partially successful—I considered by what route I would return home; and having a visit

to pay at Frankfort, I decided upon taking the railway at Hof, journeying to Wurzburg, and so down the Maine, in preference to the shorter in time, but less interesting route back to Leipsig, and so on by Cassel. Finding that a German lady of my acquaintance was going the same way, we agreed to make common cause, and she suggested a conveyance to Hof—a town just out of the Austrian dominions—of which I was glad to avail myself, as I had never heard of it before. It is styled a *Separat Wagen*—a sort of post-coach, not a post-chaise. The exterior of this vehicle is not prepossessing, paint and varnish being very scarce upon that portion; nevertheless, the inside is clean and comfortable, and it holds four persons. It has two boot-like excrescences before and behind, capable of containing a most liberal quantity of baggage, for which the roof offers, if wanted, still further accommodation; the front-boot is the seat of the driver. Travelling is by post, with two or three horses, according to the requirements of the road; the payment is made at the starting-place for the whole distance, drivers, everything, included. The horses are ordered beforehand, and all you have to do is, to give your waybill to the postmasters at the several stations, who inscribe the time of your arrival and departure, and see that the drivers do their duty. The usual pace is from six

miles an hour, including stoppages, if the roads are pretty good.

Having made the necessary arrangements, on the 7th of September I bid adieu to the fountains and their attendant nymphs, received my last bouquet, drank my last cup of chocolate ; and Toni, Ida, and Babbì and Rési, not forgetting my very amiable old hostess, having wished me every imaginable happiness, I set out for Frankfort in the manner before described.

There is certainly something very captivating in the ways of German women ; what are forms of speech in other countries are, or certainly seem to be, realities with them. They have a manner of expressing their good wishes which gladdens one's heart, and makes the impression that they do take an interest in one's welfare ; how long they think about the absent I cannot of course determine, but their manner, if they happen to meet you again, might lead you to suppose that you had not been forgotten in the interim. During my stay at Carlsbad I listened to expressions of gratitude upon the part of one of that sex and country, so full and deep, that I can hardly render them in English ; and if the attitude and manner of the speaker could only have been transmitted to canvas, it would have immortalized the painter. One day at the Panorama, wishing to give an order, I called to a woman



Babbi, of the Panorama.

See page 154.

I had been in the habit of seeing there, of a prepossessing, though not absolutely handsome countenance; I asked for the master, the Herr Knoll, but, finding he was out, said, I suppose you are the Frau, and it will be all the same whether I speak to you or him. She denied being the Hansfrau; I then suggested she must be a relation, because she was always there. "No," she replied, "I am no relation, I am but an orphan, who began by being a servant here; I was then for some time very ill—I had not the smallest claim upon these people—but they took care of me, and kept me till I was well again, and I have been here ever since; and then," she added, the tears starting to her eyes, "there are certain kind actions in life which beget a feeling of gratitude so intense, that words fail to give any relief to the desire one has to express the sense entertained of the obligation conferred; all I have left is to pray to the Almighty continually that he will give the recompense I am incapable of bestowing, and enable me to do my duty towards my benefactors as far as human infirmity will permit."

On the day in question, as I have said, in a somewhat melancholy mood, I mounted the steps of the Separaat Wagen, where the three other places were occupied by Die Baronin Von —, Nannette, and a little Cuban dog, called Corazon. My companion being extremely agreeable, I was compelled to get

rid of my spleen and low spirits. Our intention was to sleep at Hof, some sixty miles distant; this we were not, however, destined to achieve, for, in the first place, owing to some mistake, our post-coach did not make its appearance till some time after it was ordered; and, in the next, we had scarcely proceeded five miles on our road towards Elbogen, the first stage, when the hind axle broke in two, and we suddenly descended to the ground. After extricating ourselves from the ruins as well as we could, we left Nannette to look after the baggage, and walked on to the post at Elbogen, where they treated us very cavalierly, declared they would not supply us with another similar vehicle, and that we must wait till a new axle was made. After some angry remonstrances and threats of complaint, we found ourselves obliged to submit, and passed three hours and a half, more or less, in the open saloon of the Black Horse, which overhangs the river, laying in a stock of patience and Pumpnickel, for which the place is famous. It is one of the most frequented places of resort near Carlsbad, is extremely picturesque and pretty, and has two porcelain factories; and if one must break down in these parts, this is, unquestionably, the most eligible spot. The strange thing is, that it should have such a very dirty-looking inn, for if well cleaned, and nicely fitted up, with its verandah saloon and fine view behind, it would be the Star and Garter of Carlsbad. I wonder the China makers

have not the spirit to do it; it would answer to them admirably, for every one who makes a holiday to Elbogen makes a purchase with them. The repast obtainable, however, is better than appearances indicate.

Finding it impossible to reach Hof till very late indeed, we determined to pass the evening with some friends at Franzensbad, and accordingly directed our steps thither. It took us about six hours the following morning to reach Hof, and undergo a certain but not very rigorous examination at the Bavarian Zollverein frontier. The distance is not more than twenty-seven miles, but the road is hilly, and much of it bad; a new one is constructing—an unwonted sight in these railway days; it lies over a portion of the Erzgebirge, and is agreeable enough; heath and wild flowers and fresh air in abundance.

On arriving at Hof, which is a good-looking town of some importance, well situated upon the steep banks of a stream, we had an instance of the undeviating adherence to routine displayed by even the most subordinate of official personages in Germany. Perceiving that we were about to pass the railway station at the entrance of the town on our way to the post, I suggested to the postilion the propriety of halting, in order that our baggage, at least, might be deposited there. His reply was to the effect, that it was *his* business to take us to the Royal Poste, and nowhere else; that once there we might proceed, if we liked, to an

inn opposite, the master of which had an omnibus on purpose to take passengers and their effects from the town to the station. Suiting the action to the word, he drove on without waiting for a rejoinder about a mile, where we found both the poste and the inn. At this hotel I saw, for the first time in Germany, a couple of Negroes, at the table d'hôte, and my companion was seized with such an uncontrollable fit of laughter at the novelty that we were obliged to retire to a private apartment, our flight being so rapid that I had not time to ascertain what brought them there. We were very well served, and, in due time, the promised omnibus took us back to the station.

I don't think that even Mr. Bickley himself—the *débonnaire* of the North Western Railway—could surpass in politeness and attention the officials of this Royal Saxon Bavarian Line. The carriages are admirable, the second class perfectly comfortable, and occupied by people with whom it is no hardship to travel. The first class are in the form of a saloon, with a table in the middle. It poured with rain nearly the whole way to Bamberg, which was our destination, and which prevented our enjoying the remarkably pretty country through which we passed; it did not, however, in the least prevent the same pouring forth of passengers at each station as occurred between Hamburgh and Leipzic, and the devourings of all sorts of butterbrodts and strange meats, accompanied by potations of

brilliant-coloured real Bavarian beer, in quantities which would have astonished a drayman, those who were out bringing portions to their wives and children within.

This malt liquor is by no means unagreeable to the taste, and apparently much lighter than ours. Those who don't object to a bit of cake, I strongly recommend to make trial of some of the various forms in which it will be presented to them, should they find themselves upon this line; most of them are good, and there is one sort twisted into many shapes, like a mixture of Bath bun and fried potato strips, that is by no means to be despised. I think its name is Spitz kraft, but I am not quite sure. Why is it that we cannot make anything of any sort in England that can be called light when compared with a similar article on the Continent? A delicate stomach, to which a Banbury cake would be poison, can touch all these things with perfect impunity. The same may be said of our ragouts, our beer, our ale, our pudding, our furniture, and almost every article we fabricate, whether of use or luxury or ornament. If you want to make a trifling present, such a thing is not to be found; articles for this purpose are strongly and expensively constructed, calculated to last 1000 years. I don't mean to cast any undue aspersions upon the solidity of our insular contrivances, and a dyspeptic subject is not, perhaps, a fair critic in *matières de bouche*, but I still

think that a little dash of the spirit of the German Mehlspeise and French Brioche would not be without its beneficial effects upon our compounds and industry generally. We left Hof about two, and arrived at Bamberg a little before seven. The darkness of the evening, added to the lateness of the hour, prevented our seeing more than a dim outline of the stately town, spread out upon its hill side. We got apartments at the Bamberger Hof. Here we had that species of supper, established by English travel, called *The mit machiné*; in other words, tea with an urn. There is a curious fact connected with this sort of meal, which seems unaccountable upon any ordinary principles of value, but is not the less true. If you have what is called a portion of tea, which is a teapot full made for you, and a second with hot water, that you may suit the strength to your fancy, the charge is next to nothing; but once light up your tea urn, and it is somewhat more than the same luxury would cost you in England. Here it was so exorbitant that my companion, with a very grave face, told the host, that though it did not much signify to us, yet that he had better be careful what he was doing, for though she was a German, her companion was an Englishman, and an author of considerable celebrity, who would probably give an account of his travels, which would go through several editions; and if this circumstance was mentioned, it might be prejudicial to his

interests, and get into the Handbook. The effect was ludicrously instantaneous, and the unintentional error was at once set to rights. I got up very early to revisit some of my favourite spots in the town; in fact, it was somewhat too early, for when I inquired for my *laquais de place*, he was gone to mass to prepare for his ordinary avocations, and could not be had, so I wandered about with a second-rate one, less scrupulous about his religious duties, and had a very fine morning for my ramble. Much architectural beauty; the principal buildings well situated, overlooking one of the most fertile plains in Germany, watered by a fine river, the view, bounded by hills and forests,—combine to give Bamberg no mean appearance. I remembered it well from a visit ten years' previously, and it fully realized my old impressions. The situation of the cathedral is admirable; and one feels sincere gratitude to the abdicated monarch of these realms for the good sense, the judgment and courage, with which he reformed, both here and in every other portion of his dominions, the outrageous violations of taste and decorum in the shapes of the bedizened altars and disfigured images which he found in the ecclesiastical edifices upon his accession to the throne. In the course of my stroll I passed through the market, and inquired about the potatoes. I found that here, as in Bohemia, though by no means universal, the destruction had been extensive.

There is a contract entered into for a railway from hence to Frankfort, but it is not yet commenced ; so we were fain to avail ourselves of the *coupé* of the diligence to proceed to Wurzburg, whence the steamers descend the Maine. I could hardly have believed that ten years could have effected so little alteration—I perhaps should say amelioration—in the posting of a country, as that to which I was, perforce, reduced to-day. The Bavarian posting was in all times remarkable for its badness ; but when everything else, everywhere else, has been accelerated, one should have thought some small spark of the electricity might have penetrated even here. Not so, however : the roads are just as bad—the pace as slow—the drag applied as often and as unnecessarily—the tunes on the horn as long winded—the stoppages equally tedious as in A.D. 1840—and even the old pipe was still glued to the Schwager's lips. However, we left Bamberg about eleven, did contrive to finish some sixty miles, and arrived at the Kron Prinz, at Wurzburg, about seven o'clock. That hotel is not very recommendable ; the other, the Russicher Hof, is, I understand, better.

The following morning at five o'clock we embarked on board the *Königin Marie*, a beautiful steamboat, built from an English model, at Aschaffenburg. As the old bridge at that place has such narrow arches that the boats cannot exceed a certain width, it might have been expected that, for the naviga-

tion of such a river, *one* of the arches at least might have been widened, if it was considered too expensive to rebuild the bridge entirely: but not so. There is—regal vagary—an attempt at a facsimile of a Pompeian house actually in sight of this very structure, which has cost more than would have accomplished all that was wanted for this most desired and desirable object, and one is tempted, upon seeing it, to wish that the useful had had a little more access to the Royal mind here whilst in pursuit of this classical *beau ideal*. The river Maine was more foggy and cold this 6th of September, than when I embarked at Mayence, in January last, upon the Rhine. The weather, however, improved later in the day, and we were able to enjoy some of the striking points of view with which this river abounds; did not one know the Rhine from Bonn to Mayence, the Maine would have a great reputation. There is in both much similarity of feature; but in scale and sternness the Rhine is greatly superior, while in the softer and more pleasing details of the scene, the Rhine can produce nothing more attractive than the approach to Aschaffenburg, Wertheim, and Milsenberg. The river was much swollen by the recent heavy rains, and we were carried down upon its descending tide at so rapid a rate, that at many of the stations we were obliged to halt for some time till the advertised period of departure had arrived. In not a few places the water was over

the banks, and the horses towing the barges up the stream were floundering in it. It appeared a very dangerous operation, considering the rapidity and depth of the river, and must be, in point of labour and tediousness, worse than warping a frigate. A lesson for an impatient nature !

What an odd thing it is that at least nineteen-twentieths of mankind delight in proceeding with extreme speed whatever may be the business, or pleasure, or misfortunes of the hour, not reflecting that they are simply passing one of those days which make up the complement of their existence, and that the question they will wish to be able to answer satisfactorily one day, will be, not whether it was passed in rapid locomotion, but whether it was passed wisely and well. Yet, after all, who can resist the exhilaration of a fast steamer on a fine river on a sunny day ? It is infectious, a providential arrangement to get rid of the cares of life ; and yet I saw one here who was wholly insensible to the charm.

We had not many passengers on board at first, but at Lauer we had a large accession of company returning from Kissingen, almost entirely English, and some curious specimens. My companion and I made acquaintance with two German women, who had travelled with us from Bamberg ; the elder had depicted upon her countenance the most fearful expression of woe I ever beheld ; she had just lost the last of four children, and was

under the impression not only that she was fated herself, but that she was a species of *Ahnfrau*. The other, a younger woman, though not a relation, watched her with the affectionate solicitude of her race, and seemed anxiously to try and catch some slight alteration in the fixed and changeless visage before her.

Perceiving that this friend had with her one of the Hungarian Zitterns, we begged her to play a little upon it. The plaintive and deeply-touching tones of this musical instrument must be heard to be imagined. I had never seen one before, and I am sure there are moments in one's life when its chords would have all the effects which Dryden attributes to the lyre of Timotheus. I don't recollect being ever more stirred. Suddenly the thought struck me, that this could not fail, for the moment at least, to soothe the broken heart. I looked up full of hope at the idea; but my glance fell at once before the frigid and impassive expression of despair which I encountered. My kindhearted companion laboured also with her friend, when she found what the case was, to console this poor woman, and we afterwards accidentally learned not without some success.

As the day wore on it became beautiful, and nothing was left to desire for the light and shade of the scenery, as we

passed in safety, with lowered funnel, under the antique bridge of Aschaffenburg. Before arriving there, we took in a peasant, with his wife and many children, just starting on their way to California, with all their implements and furniture. They were not forced to fly their land from absolute poverty; but they thought their prospects better in the modern Eldorado. The poor little children excited great sympathy amongst the idlers, like myself, on board, and many were the speculations as to their future adventures and destinies. I don't suppose they will ever again receive so much notice, or so many cakes and kreuzers, as they did on this day. How mysterious and admirable are the ways of Providence, to draw away population from lands where it has become too dense for general comfort, either owing to faulty laws, bad institutions, or some other secondary cause! He casteth forth his gold, like morsels; who is able to abide the magnetic influence? I firmly believe that the regeneration of Ireland could never have been effected but by the wonderful emigration that we now see going on. Some people are alarmed at it, and I don't profess to be wiser than my fellows; but I confess that, after the entire failure of Lord George Hill and other benevolent and energetic individuals of the same stamp, despair began to fill my mind as to the fortune of that island, and, of course, sooner or

later, of our own ; for we cannot, if we would, disconnect ourselves. Horace pronounces a great moral truth, when, instructing his poet, he says—

“*Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindicé nodus.*”

Thus, perhaps, we are witnessing the gracious ways of a Divine Ruler towards a nation amongst whom ten righteous are yet to be found, when the wisest and best are incapable of devising a counsel to remedy the evil. “Every man,” exclaims Ranke, “ought to believe that his country is immortal;” and he might have added, should act as if its destinies depended upon his own individual exertion. I have that faith in the highest degree, so long as there are many amongst us who shall believe and try, as far as human infirmity will permit them, to act upon their belief, that “righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.”

How I have wandered again ! I shall never arrive at my destination. However, at half-past five, a fine clear glowing evening saw us moored to the landing-place of that fine old town of Frankfort, with its massive spires and tower frowning over the flood that washes its thriving quays. These were now thronged with a busy crowd, for the fair was at its height ; so busy, that, except those who were upon the watch to reap some benefit, in the shape of a job from the passengers, little

attention was paid to our arrival. The living contents of the *Königin* were soon dispersed on shore. I sent away my goods in a fiacre to the hospitable mansion to which I was bound; and I then turned all my attention to my fair companion, who was about to encounter a difficulty of no common magnitude, namely, that of finding a lodging during fair-time. I gave my arm, Nannette led Corazon in a string, who amused himself by running under our legs and those of every one we met, and greatly retarded our operations; the porter followed with a truck, and we commenced our pilgrimage. The Englische, Russiche, Römische, Pariser, and Schwann were essayed in vain—a bad apartment at the Englische, which we found vacant, and rejected, having been engaged when we returned to take it. This betokened that the six or seven hundred best hotel rooms in Frankfort were already occupied. At length, we began to think of a bivouac—rather an unpleasant predicament for a lady—when we made a last attempt at the Weidenbusch, and secured the only two remaining beds they had to dispose of—fortunately, a tolerable apartment. And thus this day's anxieties were set at rest. I knew nothing previously of this hotel; but I can strongly recommend it, even to an unprotected female, for great cleanliness and comfort, and, what I never yet could obtain at the Russie, civil and attentive service.

On Saturday, the 6th, I arrived at Frankfort. On the 16th

I left it, and during the whole of that time the weather was as overcast and cold as it was clear and warm in England, and which most providentially gave us that excellent harvest which has not been by any means universal on the Continent. The corn harvest in Germany, upon the whole, I take to have been of average abundance, but not more. The potatoes have suffered in about the same degree as our own. The prognostics of the vintage at this time were of a very sombre tone, and the cold had so retarded it that in many places it was doubtful if the grapes would ripen at all. During my stay at Frankfort, I was so well tended that I recovered my strength and spirits much; and I was somewhat consoled by a visit we paid to that most fashionable gambling establishment and watering-place, Homburg, where I saw some of my friends, and more I saw elsewhere who had been there, who I thought looked quite as ill and miserable as I did.

I don't know how I should relish having such a fatherland as Homburg; but the spectacle of a state entirely supported by the proceeds of the gambling-table, *i. e.*, by taxes taken from the contributors in a manner the most injurious to their moral and physical welfare, is not edifying. Such is actually the case here. The expenses of the Landgrave and his state are entirely defrayed by the amount paid for the privilege by the owners of these gaming-tables. Across this table the pro-

tectionist and free-trader may shake hands, for the financial scheme is so exquisitely devised that, whilst trade is perfectly free, the principal portion of the revenue is contributed by the foreigner. On the demise of the present sovereign of roulette and rouge et noir, the territories pass, I think, to Hesse Darmstadt; let us hope he may find another method of raising his revenues. No Englishman should fail to visit the Langravian Residenz; he will find much to interest him, especially should he know something of the story of the court and family of George III. I was quite sorry to leave it; the gardens and views are by no means devoid of beauty, and the old seneschal is a character that takes one back to old times. It is a misnamed Residenz—for no one resides there, but, though almost uninhabited, it is in perfect preservation.

The fair lasted all the time I was at Frankfort, about ten days, and appeared to me crowded enough whenever I visited it; but I am informed that the levelling power of steam has acted upon the great German fairs, as upon everything else, and that the glories of even this renowned gathering are fading away. They still, however, congregate curious specimens of wares, made in very out-of-the-way places, together with their contrivers, whose appearance is not less outlandish. A troop of equestrians is always a standing dish at these solemnities, and it seems to be a very thriving and successful branch of in-

dustry ; formerly, a good company of singers and actors was also considered a *sine quâ non* ; but the heels seem to be in the ascendant over the heads, and upon this occasion the Circus was all the fashion.

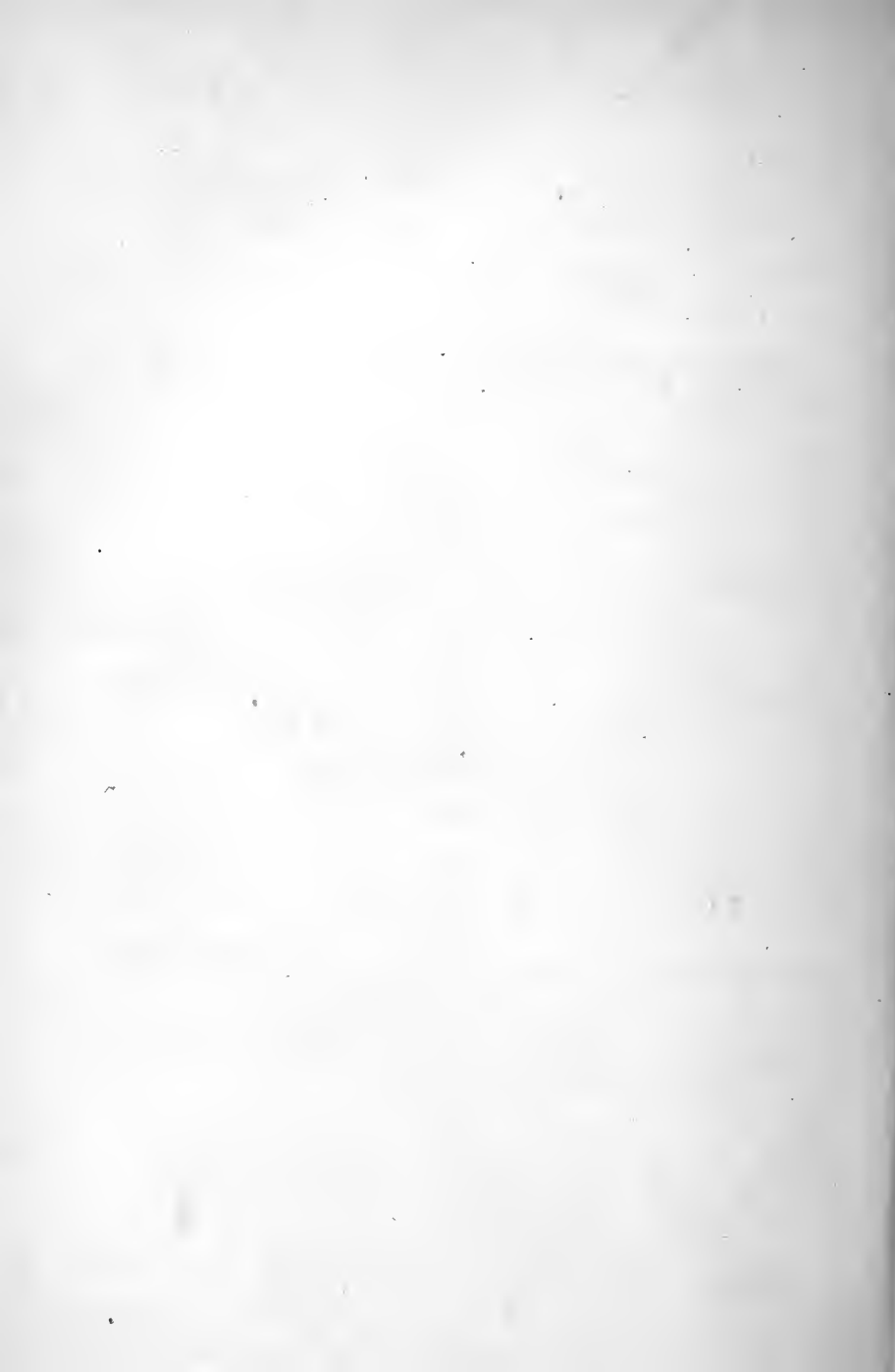
On the 16th I quitted the seat of the Germanic Diet for England. I believe there is nothing to prevent a traveller starting in the forenoon of one day from Frankfort, and arriving in London the following evening, travelling all night, if proper regulations were made, and the journey might be performed by either Antwerp, Ostend, or Calais, though, of course, most surely, by the short sea passage. Such, however, are the jealousies existing between the various countries to whom the different routes belong, that they decline accommodating each other ; and the result is, that, unless by a fortunate accident, the passenger will have to pass two nights on the way. But he has a great choice of locality ; he may pass them either at Cologne, at Calais, at Ostend, in the railway, on the river, or on the German Ocean. These are selected according to the various fancies of the wayfarers ; but the true Briton chafes when all necessary exertion is not made to bring him as speedily, and safely, and as comfortably as possible to his destination, and he longs to let his injuries overflow into the sympathizing columns of the *Times*. I wonder if foreigners ever read them.

My journey over that novel route, *viâ* Cologne, Calais, and Dover, offers no incident worthy of relation. I had just light enough upon my arrival in the capital of Rhenish Prussia to examine and note the progress of its architectural wonder, and to learn its present prospects. The King of Prussia contributes 50,000 thalers yearly. What would Exeter Hall think of a Protestant King and government contributing to such a work? The same amount is given by the municipality, and nearly the like from amongst the faithful in other lands. The ex-King of Bavaria has been a munificent donor, and the splendid stained-glass windows which he caused to be executed under his own superintendence at Munich are already in their places. The above sum enables them to keep about one hundred men constantly employed, and at this rate they reckon the cathedral may be completed in thirty-five years. The stone is a fine lime-stone from Holland. It must always be of a height disproportioned to its length; but it is a truly magnificent conception of the unknown architect.

On the 17th I traversed Belgium and arrived at Calais, and on the 18th, almost before day broke, I was again on the shores of our Island Home.

Reader! it is now time that I should take leave of thee, if thou hast accompanied me so far. I have declared to thee why I went, where I went, and what I thought about; and if so much egotism has not disgusted thee—still more if I have enabled thee to pass a leisure hour agreeably, or to devise a better project than I did for thy health or recreation—think kindly of the Author, who now bids thee farewell.

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